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YOUTH AND AGE.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

The fiery heart of youth!
How boldly its pulses thrill!
The passionate gladness, the reckless madness,
That all its moments fill!
Launching its boat with eager hope
On the treacherous Sea of Time,
Oh, what visions arise before it,
What dreams of a fate sublime!
Taking no note of the drifting wrecks,
It steers for the Isle where the Siren beckons,
The fiery heart of youth!

The tired heart of age!
How weakly its pulses beat!
The weary longing, the dead hopes thronging
Close to its aching feet.
Lonesomely watching its day depart,
It waits for Eternity's call!
The rainbow promise that life once showed,
Hidden beneath a pall!
Of the fires of youth it vaguely remembers,
Now there are left to it only the embers,
The tired heart of age!

FOR LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE HERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CYNTHIA looked round at her visitor with a sort of timidity which she did not often exhibit.

He was apparently about sixty years of age, broad-shouldered and muscularly built, but with a stiffness of gait which seemed to be either the result of chronic rheumatism or of an accident which had partly disabled him.

His hair was brown, his eyes dark and bright; but his hair and beard were almost white, although his eyebrows had not a grizzled tint. He was roughly but respectably dressed, and looked like a prosperous yeoman or an artisan of the better class.

Cynthia glanced at him keenly, then seemed to gain confidence, and asked him to sit down. The visitor obeyed; but Cynthia continued standing, with her hands on the back of a heavy chair.

"Mr. Reuben Dare?" she said at length, as the old man did not speak.

"Come straight from Amerika," said he—he sat bolt up-right on his chair, and looked at the girl with a steady interest and curiosity which almost embarrassed her—"and promised to look you up as soon as I got over here. Can you guess who 'twas I promised, missy?"

Cynthia grew first red and then white.

"No," she said; "I am not sure that I can."

"Is there nobody belonging to you that you haven't heard of for years and years?"

"Yes," said Cynthia; "I think perhaps there is."

"A man," said Mr. Reuben Dare, leaning forward with his hands on his knees and trying to subdue his rather harsh voice to quietness—"a man as was related to you maybe?"

"If you will say what you mean, I think I can answer you better," said Cynthia.

"Do you think I am going to say what I mean until I know what sort of a young woman you are, and how you'll take the news I bring you?" said the man.

With a somewhat savage and truculent air he drew his eyebrows down over his eyes as he spoke; but there was a touch of something else as well—of stirred emotion, of doubt, of troubled feeling—which dissipated Cynthia's fears at once.

She left the chair which she had been grasping with one hand, and came close to her visitor.

"I can see that you are afraid to trust me," she said quickly. "You think that perhaps I am hard and worldly, and do not want to have anything to do with my relatives? That is not true. You are thinking—speaking—of my poor father perhaps? As long as I was a child—a mere girl—I did not think much about him; I was content to believe what people told me—not that he was guilty—I never believed that!—but that I could do nothing for him, and that I had better not interfere. When I was independent and beginning to think for myself—about six months ago—I found out what I might have done. Shall I go on and tell you what I did?"

"Yes, yes—go on!"

The man's voice was husky; his wrinkled hand trembled as it lay upon his knee. He watched the girl's face with hungry eyes.

"I wrote to the Governor of the prison," said Cynthia, "and told him that I had only just discovered—having been such a child—that I could write to my father or see him at regular intervals, and that I should like to do so from time to time. He asked me in return how it was that an intimation—which had been forwarded, I believe, to certain persons interested in my welfare—of my father's fate had not been given to me. My father had, by a desperate effort, succeeded in making his escape from Portland; he had never been recaptured; and from certain information received, the authorities believed that he was dead. He added however that he had a shrewd suspicion that Andrew Westwood had thrown dust into the eyes of the police, and left the country and was not dead at all."

"And begged you to communicate with the authorities if you heard from him, I suppose?"

"No; he did not go so far as that to the man's own daughter," said Cynthia calmly. "And it would, of course, have been useless if he had."

"Why—why?"

"Because," said the girl her lips suddenly trembling and her eyes filling with tears—"because I love my father, and would do anything in the world for him—if he would let me. Can you not tell me where he is? I would give all I have to see him once again!"

Reuben Dare fidgeted in his chair, and half turned his face away. Then, without meeting her eager tearful eyes, he replied half sullenly—

"The Governor was right. He got away—away to America."

"Oh, then he is living still? He is well?"

"Oh, yes—he's living, and well enough! He hasn't done so bad neither. He got some land and 'struck ile,' as they say in America; and living under another name, and nobody knowing anything about him—he—well, he's had fair luck."

"And you come from him—you are a friend of his? Did he want to hear of me?"

"Yes, missy, he did. But he would scarce ha' known you if he'd met you in the street—you, grown so tall and handsome and dressed so fine. It was your name as gave him the clue—'Cynthia'—'Cynthia West'; for he read in the papers as you were singing at concerts, and he says to himself, 'Why, that's my gal, sure enough; and she hasn't forgotten her mother's name!'"

"Go on!" said Cynthia quickly.

"Go on? What do you mean?" asked Reuben Dare, a little suspiciously. "There is nothing more to say, is there? And he asked me to make inquiries while I was in England—that was all."

"Oh, no, that was not all!" said Cynthia, drawing nearer and holding out her hands a little, like one under hypnotic influence; fascinated by a power over which she had no control. "I can tell you the rest. The more he thought over his child, and the more he remembered how she used to love him and trust in him, the more he felt that he could not stay away from her; and so, although the risk was great—terrible—he determined to come back to England and see with his own eyes whether she was safe and well. And when he saw her"—there was a sob in her voice—"he thought to himself that perhaps after all she is a hard unfeeling creature who had forgotten him, or a wicked treacherous woman who would betray her own father, and that he would go away back to America and never see her again, forgetting to ask whether she had not a heart and a memory too, and whether it might not be that she had loved him all her life, and whether she was not longing to fall upon his neck and kiss his dear face and tell him that she had wanted a father for many, many dreary years, and that she trusts him, believes in him with all her heart! Oh, father, father!"—and Cynthia lay sobbing on his breast.

She had thrown herself impulsively on her knees beside him; her arms were round his neck, and he was covering her face with kisses.

He did not attempt to deny that she had spoken the truth—that he was indeed her father—the man who had been condemned to death, and whom she had believed until this moment to be in America, if still indeed alive; but neither did he try to prove the fact.

He sat still with his arms around her, and—to her surprise—the tears running down his cheeks as freely as they were down her own.

She looked up at him at last and smiled rather piteously in his face.

"Dear father" she said, "and have you come all this way and run into so much danger just to see me?"

"Yes, I have Cynthy," said the man who called himself Reuben Dare. "I said to myself, I can't go on any longer without seeing her, any way. If that's my girl that sings—as her mother did before her—I shall know her in a trice. But, bless you, my girl, I didn't—not till you began to speak! And then 'twas just like your mother."

"Am I so much altered?" said Cynthia wistfully.

"As much as you ought to be, my beauty, and no more. You ain't like the skinny little bit of a thing that ran wild round Beechfield lanes; but then you don't want to be. You're a good deal like your mother; but she wasn't so dark as you. And, being so different, you see, I thought you might be different in yourself—not ready to acknowledge your father as belonging to you at all maybe; and so I'd try you with a message first and see what you said to that."

"You are altered too, father."

"Yes, my deary, I'm altered too. Ain't I had enough to alter me? Injustice and oppression have almost broke my heart, and ague and fever's nearly taken the strength out of my limbs, and a knock I got in the States three years ago has nigh crippled me. I'm a broken-down man with only strength left for one thing—and that's to curse the hard-hearted ruffian, whoever he was, that spoiled my life for me and thought to hang me by the neck or shut me up in a prison for the rest of my days. If ever I do come across him, I'd do my best to make him suffer as I have suffered. I pray God night and day that He'll let me see that rascal on his knees to me before I die!"

His voice had grown loud and fierce, his eyes shone beneath the shaggy eyebrows, his hand shook as he raised it to call down vengeance on the man who had left him to his fate.

Cynthia trembled in spite of her love for him—the tones, the look, brought back memories which made her feel that her father was in a great many ways unchanged, and that the wild lawless way of the man might be suppressed but not utterly subdued.

She did not feel the slightest abatement of her love for him on this account; but it suddenly made her aware of the dangers and difficulties of his position, and aroused her fears for his safety, even in that house.

"Father," she said, "are you sure that nobody will remember you?"

Westwood laughed harshly.

"They're not likely to know me," he said. "I've taken care to change my looks since then;" and by a sudden movement of his hand, he showed her that hair, beard, and moustache, were all fictitious, and that beneath the silvery exterior there grew a scantier crop of sparse gray hair and whiskers, which recalled his former appearance much more clearly to his daughter's mind.

"Oh, don't take them off!" she cried. "Somebody may come in—the door is not locked! At another time, dear father, you will show me your real face, will you not?"

He looked at her with a mingling of pride and sorrow in his glance.

"You ain't wanting me to be found out then—you don't want to give me up to the police?"

"Father, how can you think of such a thing?"

"Some women-folks would think of it, my girl. But you—you're fond of your father still, Cynthy?"

She answered by taking his rough hand in her own and kissing it tenderly.

"And you don't believe I killed Mr. Vane down at Beechfield—eh, Cynthy? Because, if you believe it, you know, you and me had better part without more words about it. Least said soonest mended."

"I do not believe it—I never did!" said Cynthia proudly.

"On your word and honor and Bible-oath, Cynthia?"

"On my word and honor and Bible oath, father," she said, repeating the words because she saw that he attached especial importance to the formula, "I never believed and never will believe that you were guilty of Sydney Vane's murder! My father"—she said it as proudly as if he had been a Royal Prince—"was never capable of a base and wicked deed!"

"It's her mother's voice," murmured the man raising his hand to his eyes, as if to shut out the sight of the young girl's face and to abstract himself from everything but the sound, "and it's her mother's true in me! Cynthia, my dear, what do you know o' your father to make you so ready to stand by him?"

There was a great and an unaccustomed tenderness in his voice.

"I'm a common man," he continued, "and I've spent years of my life in gaol, and I was a tramp and a poacher—I won't deny it—in the olden days, and before that—well, before that, I was a gamekeeper on a big estate—turned away in disgrace, my dear, because my master's daughter fell in love with me. You never heard that before, did you?—thought any one would guess that you didn't come of a common stock! Wetheral was her name—Cynthia Wetheral of Bingley Park, in Gloucestershire. There are relatives of hers living there still; but they don't acknowledge us—they won't have anything to do with you,

Cynthia, my girl. I married her and took her away wi' me; and for twelve blessed months we were happy as the day was long; and then she died."

He paused a little, and caressed Cynthia's head with his hand.

"You're like her, my dear. But I'm only a low common sort o' man that's sunk lower and lower since the day she died; and you've no call to trust me unless you feel inclined—no call in the very least. If you say you don't quite believe my word, my pretty, I'll not cut up rough—I'll just go away quiet, and never trouble you any more."

"Father," said Cynthia, "listen to me one moment. We were separated when I was only eleven years old; but don't you think that in eleven years I could learn something of your real disposition—your true nature? I remember how you used to care for me, how tender and kind you were to me, although you might perhaps seem gloomy and morose to all the world beside. I remember your bringing home a dog with a broken leg, and nursing it till it was cured. You had pets of all kinds—birds, beasts, flowers. You never did a cruel thing in your life; and how could I think, then, that you would lie in wait to kill a man out of mere spite and revenge—a man, too, with a wife and child—a little girl like me! I knew you better, father, all the time!"

Westwood shook his head doubtfully.

"Maybe you're right," he said, "and maybe wrong. I've seen rough deeds done in my day, and never lifted a hand to interfere. I won't deny but what I did lie in wait for Mr. Vane that afternoon—but with no thought of murder in my mind. I meant to tell him what my opinion was of him and of his doings; for there was carryings-on that I didn't approve of; and it's my belief that in those very carryings-on lies the key of the mystery. I've thought it all out in prison, slow-like—at nights when I lay in bed, and days when I was hewing stone. I won't tell you the story, my pretty; it ain't fit for the likes of you. But there was a woman mixed up in it; and, if there was any man who had rights over the woman—sweetheart or husband, brother or father, or such-like—it's in that quarter that you and me should look for the real murderer of Sydney Vane."

"Can't we do anything, father? Won't you tell me the whole story?"

"Not now, my girl; I must be going."

"Where are you going, father? Will you be in a safe place?"

"Quite safe, my dear—quite safe! Nobody would know me in this guise, would they? I'm at No. 119, Isabella Street, Camden Town—quite a little out o'-the-way place—just the sort to suit a quiet respectable-looking man like me." He gave vent to a grim little chuckle as he went on. "They don't know who they've got hold of, do they? Maybe they wouldn't be quite so pleased if they did."

"May I come and see you there, father?"

"Well, my girl, I think not. Such a—a splendid-looking sort of a party as you've turned out coming to visit me would make people talk. And we don't want people to talk, do we? Isn't there any quiet spot where you and me could meet and walk about a bit? Kensington Gardens maybe, or Regent's Park?"

Cynthia thought that Kensington Gardens would be quiet enough in the morning for their purpose, and it was agreed that they should meet there the next day at noon.

Westwood's disguise was so perfect that he did not attempt to seclude himself during the day.

"And then," he said, "we can talk about you coming over to Amerika, and living happy and quiet somewhere with me."

"Oh, I can't leave England!" said Cynthia, with a sudden little gasp. "Don't ask me, father; I can't possibly go away."

He looked at her keenly and scrutinisingly for a moment, and then he said—

"That means that you've got a reason for wanting to stop in England. That means that you've got a sweetheart—a lover, my pretty—and that you won't leave him. I know the ways of women well enough. I don't want to force you, my girl; but I hope that he's worthy of the woman you've grown to be. Tell me his name."

CHAPTER XXIX.

CYNTHIA'S father did not get his question answered, because at first a thundering knock at the front-door announced the return of Madame, and there was rather a hasty struggle to get him away from the house without encountering that lady's sharp eyes and vivacious questioning, which Cynthia was not at all sure that he could meet with equanimity.

For herself, she felt at that moment equal to any struggle involving either cunning or courage. She could combat to death for one she loved.

"Who was that man, *carissima*? Why was he here at this hour of the night? You are a little imprudent, are you not, to receive such visitors without me?" said Madame, having caught a glimpse of the intruder's retiring figure.

Cynthia laughed.

"He is venerable, Madame—white-bearded, old, and a relative—an uncle from America whom I have not seen since I was a child. I believe that he has made a fortune and wants to endow me with it. We shall see!"

"Ah, my angel, if he would do that," cried Madame cheerfully, "we would welcome him at any hour of the day or night, would not we? Bid him to dinner with thee, little one, or to tea, after thy English fashion—just as thou wilt. The uncle with money is always a desired visitor."

And thus Cynthia escaped further questioning, although at the cost of an untruth which she did not consider it her duty to repent.

"For surely," she said to herself, "it is right for a daughter to sacrifice anything and everything to her father's safety! I was ashamed of having to tell Hubert what was not true just for my own benefit; but I am not ashamed of deceiving Madame for my father's sake. I am sorry—ah, yes, I am sorry! But what can I do?"

And in the solitude of her own room Cynthia wrung her hands together, and shed a few bitter tears over the hardness and strangeness of her fate.

To one who knew all the facts of her story and her father's story, it might indeed have been a matter for meditation that "wrong-doing never ends"—that, because Sydney Vane had been an unprincipled man and Florence Lepel a woman without a conscience, therefore a child of whom they had never heard had grown up without the presence of a father's love, or the innate reverence for truth that prevailed in the heart of a Jennie Deans.

Cynthia was no Jennie Deans; she was a faulty but noble-hearted woman, with a nature that had suffered some slight warping from the effect of adverse circumstances.

Cynthia and her father met the next morning under the spreading branches of the trees in Kensington Gardens; and there, as they walked up and down together, Westwood unfolded his plans.

From what he let slip—although he tried not to be too definite—it was evident that he had made considerable sums of money, or what he thought such; and he wanted Cynthia to give up working and "go West" with him.

He assured her that she should have every comfort, every luxury; that he was likely to make more and more money as time went on, and that he might even become a millionaire. Would not Cynthia partake of the magnificence that was in store for her? But Cynthia shook her head.

And then he spoke of his loneliness, of his long absence from his only child, and his desire to have a home of his own; now that he began to feel the infirmities of age, he not only wanted a daughter as an ornament to the house, but as the prop of his declining years.

And at this Cynthia shed tears and began to waver. Ought she not to go with her father? she asked herself.

It might be better for Hubert, as well as for her, if she went away; and even if at the end of two years she became Hubert's wife, she would at any rate have had two years with her father. And, if Hubert married "the other girl," she would stay with her father until his life's end—or hers.

But the fact remained at the end of all arguments—she did not want to go.

"What do you want to stay in England for?" Westwood said at length. "Is it to make money? I've got enough for both of us. Is it to sing in public? You'll get bigger audiences over there, my girl. If you love your old father as you say you do, why won't you come along with him?" He paused, and added, almost in a whisper, "Unless there is somebody you like better, I don't see why you want to stay?"

Cynthia's face turned crimson immediately. Her father's words made her feel very guilty. She loved him—true; but she loved Hubert better, and she had not known it until that moment. She knew it thoroughly now.

"Well," said Westwood, in a peculiarly dogged tone, "I see what's up. Who is he?"

"He is a very clever man, father," said Cynthia, keeping her hot face away from him as much as possible—"a literary man; he writes plays and novels and poetry. He is thought a great deal of in London."

"As poor as a rat, and wants you to keep him. Is that it?"

"Oh, no, indeed, father! He makes a great deal of money. It was he who sent me to Italy to study music; he paid for me to live where I do, with Madame della Scala."

They were in a quiet part of the Gardens, and her father suddenly laid an iron grip upon her wrist.

"Look at me," he burst out—"tell me the truth! You—ain't—you ain't bound to him in any way?" He dared not, after all, put his sudden suspicion into plainer words. "It's all fair and square? He's asked you to be his wife, and not——?"

Cynthia wrenched away her arm.

"I did not think that my own father would insult me!" she said, in a voice which, though low, vibrated with anger. "I am quite well able to take care of my own honor and dignity; and Mr. Lepel would never dream of assailing either."

Then she broke down a little, and a few tears made their way over the scarlet of her cheeks; but of these signs of distress her father took no notice. He stood still in the middle of the path down which they had been walking, and repeated the name incredulously.

"'Lepel'! 'Lepel'! Is that your sweetheart's name?"

"'Hubert Lepel.' It is a well-known name," said Cynthia, with head erect.

"Hubert Lepel! Not the man at Beechfield, the cousin of those Vanes?" He spoke in a whisper, with his eyes fixed on his daughter's face.

Cynthia turned very pale.

"I do not know. Oh, it can't be the same!" she said.

"It's not likely that there are two men of the same name. He was a cousin of the man who was killed, I tell you; and he was the brother—the brother——" Suddenly Westwood stopped short; his eyes fell to the ground, his breathing quickened; he thrust his hands into his pockets and frowned heavily as he reflected. "Have I got a clue?" he said, more to himself than to Cynthia. "He's the brother of that woman—the woman that Sidney Vane used to meet in the wood so often, and thought that nobody knew. Did he—did he——" But, raising his eyes suddenly, he saw the whiteness of Cynthia's face, and did not finish his question. "Listen to to me!" he said, with sudden sternness. "This man belongs to them that put me in prison and believe me to have murdered Sydney Vane. "Do you understand that, girl?"

"Father, he would trust you—he would believe in you—if once he saw you and talked to you."

"So you mean to betray me to him, do you?"

"Father—dear father!"

"If you say a word to him about my being in England, Cynthia, you may just as well put a rope round my neck or give me a dose of poison. For buried alive at Portland I never will be again!"

"He would no more betray you, father, than——"

"Promise me that you'll not breathe a word to him about me!"

"I promise."

"And swear?"

"I swear, father—not until you give me leave."

"I shall never give you leave. Do you want to kill me, Cynthia? I'd never have thought it of you after all you said! Come, my girl, you needn't cry; I did not mean to suspect you; but I'm so used to being on my guard. Does he know whose daughter you are?"

"No, father."

"You haven't dared to tell him, and yet you wanted to put my safety into his hands!"

"I am sure he is too kind, too noble, to think of betraying any one!" Cynthia pleaded; but her father would not hear.

"Tut! If he thinks I murdered his cousin, he wouldn't feel any particular call to be kind to me, I guess. I should like to understand all about this affair, Cynthy. Come, sit down on this bench here under the trees, and tell me about it. Don't vex yourself over what I said; I was but carried away by the heat of the moment. Now, are you promised to this Mr Lepel—engaged to him, as you young folk call it?"

"I don't know whether I can tell you anything, father," murmured Cynthia.

"You'd better," said Westwood quietly, "because it hangs on a thread whether I ain't going to denounce Mr. Lepel as the man that killed Mr. Sydney Vane. I never thought of him before, although I did see him at the trial and knew that he'd been hanging round the place. He was her brother, sure enough—he had a motive. Well, Cynthia?"

"Father, if you're thinking such terrible things of Hubert, how can I tell you anything? You know I—I love him; if you accuse him of a crime, I shall cling to him still—and love him still—and save him if I can."

"At your father's expense, girl?"

She writhed at the question, and twisted her fingers nervously together, but did not speak.

Westwood waited for a minute or two, and then resumed—this time very bitterly.

"It's always so! The lover always drives the parent out of the young folk's hearts. For this man—that you haven't known more than a few months, I suppose—you'd give up your father to worse than the gallows—to the misery of a life sentence—and be glad, maybe, to see the last of him! If it was him or me, you would save him—and perhaps you're in the right of it. I wish," said the man, turning away his face—"I wish to God that I'd never come back to England, nor seen the face of my girl again!"

Cynthia had been physically incapable hitherto of stemming the flow of his words; but now, although she was trembling with excitement and sorrow and indignation, she answered her father's accusation resolutely.

"You are wrong, father. I will not sacrifice you to him. But you must not expect me to sacrifice him to you either. My heart is large enough to hold both of you."

There was a pathos in the tone of her last few words which impressed even Westwood's not very plastic nature.

He turned towards her, noting with half-unconscious anxiety the whiteness of the girl's lips, the shadow that seemed to have descended upon her eyes. He put out his rough hand, touching her daintily-gloved fingers.

"Don't be put out by what I say, my girl! If I speak sharp, it's because I feel deep. I won't be hard on any one you care for, I give you my word; but it'll be the best thing for you to be fair and square with me and tell me all about him. Are you going to marry him?"

"He wishes to marry me," said Cynthia, yielding, with a sigh; "but there has been an arrangement, I understand—by which he must—ought to marry a young lady in two years, when she is twenty or twenty-one, if she consents and if she is strong enough. She is ill now, and she does not seem to care for him. That is all I know. I have promised to marry him if he is free at the end of the two years."

It sounded like a lame story—worse, when she told it, than when she had discussed it with Hubert Lepel or wept over it in her room.

Westwood uttered a growl of anger, and said—

"And you're at his beck and call like that! He is to take you or leave you as he pleases! Pretty state of matters for a girl like you! Why, with your face and your pretty voice and your education, I should think that you could have half Lunnon if you chose!"

"Not I," said Cynthia, laughing with a little of her old spirit—"or, if I had, it would be the wrong half, father. Besides, Mr. Lepel is not to blame. He—he would marry me to-morrow, I believe, if I would allow it; it was I that arranged to wait. I would rather wait. Why should I marry anybody before I have seen the world?"

"Where does Mr. Lepel live, Cynthy?" said Westwood slowly, as if he had not been attending very much to what she said.

Cynthia hesitated; then she gave him Hubert's address.

She knew that her father could get it elsewhere, and that it would only irritate him if she refused. Besides, she had too much confidence in her lover to think that harm could come of her father's knowledge of the place in which he lived.

But she was a little surprised when her father at once stood up and said, with his former placidity of tone—

"Well, then, my dear, I'm a-going round to look at Mr. Lepel. I'm not going to harm him, nor even maybe to speak to him; but I want to have a little look at him before I see you again. And then I

may go out of town for a bit. There are one or two places I want to look at again. So you need'nt be surprised if you don't hear from me again for just yet a while, I'll write when I come back."

"Oh, father, you will not run into any danger, will you?"

"Not a bit, my dear. There's not a soul on earth would know me now. Don't you be afraid! I'll walk back with you to the gate, and then we'd better say good-bye. If you want anything special, write to me—Reuben Dare, you know—at the address I gave you; but even then, my girl, don't you mention names. It is a dangerous thing to do on paper."

"I'll remember," said Cynthia, with unwonted submissiveness

They parted at the gate, and Westwood, without looking round, went some paces in the easterly direction which he had chosen to take. But all at once he heard a light footstep behind him, and a small gloved hand was laid upon his arm.

It was Cynthia slightly flushed and panting a little, her eyes unusually bright. She had run after him with a last word to say.

"Father," she said, "you will remember, will you not, that although I love him, I love you too?"

"Do you, Cynthia," said the man sadly. "Well, maybe—maybe."

"And that you are to take care of yourself for my sake?"

"Eh? For your sake? Yes, my dear—yes."

"Good-bye, dear father!",

He nodddd simply in reply; but, as he pursued his way eastward, his heart grew softer towards his child and his child's lover than it would otherwise have been.

How beautiful she had looked with those flushed cheeks and shining eyes! What was he that he should interfere with her happiness?

If the man that she loved was good and true, why should he not marry her, although he was a kinsman of the Vanes and the brother of a woman whom Westwood held in peculiar abhorrence?

For accident had revealed to him many years before the relationship between Sydney Vane and Florence Lepel, and she had seemed to him then and ever since to be less of a woman than a fiend.

Yet, being somewhat slow in drawing conclusions, he had never associated her or her brother with Mr. Vane's death, until, in the solitude of his cell, he had laboriously "put two and two together" in a way which had not suggested itself either to himself or to his defenders at the time of the trial.

He himself, from a strange mixture of delicate feeling and rough reserve, had not chosen to tell what he knew about Miss Lepel and Sydney Vane; and only when it was too late did it occur to him that his silence had cost him his freedom, and might have cost him his life.

He saw it all clearly now. It was quite plain to him that in some way or other Mr. Vane's death had been caused through his unfaithfulness to his wife.

Someone had wished to punish him—some friend of hers, some friend of Miss Lepel's.

Right enough he deserved to be killed, said Westwood to himself, as he elaborated his theory.

If only the slayer, the avenger, had not refused to take the responsibility of his act upon his own shoulders!

"If only he hadn't been our enough," Westwood muttered, to himself as he went along the London streets, "to leave me—a poor man, a common man, that only Cynthia loved—to bear the blame!"

* * * * * *

When Hubert Lepel quitted Beechfield, a sudden calm, almost a stagnation of interest, seemed to fall upon the place.

Mrs. Vane was said to be "less strong" than usual; the spring weather tried her; she must be kept quiet, the Doctor said, and if possible, tranquil in mind.

"God bless my soul, isn't she tranquil in mind?" the General had almost shouted, when Mr. Ingledew gave this opinion. "What else can she be? She hasn't a single thing to worry her; or, if she has, she has only to mention it and it will be set right at once."

The village Doctor smiled admirably. He was a pale, thin, dark little man, with insight rather in advance of his actual knowledge.

He would have been puzzled to say why he had jumped to the conclusion that Mrs. Vane's mind was not quite tranquil; but he was sure it was not.

Possibly he was influenced by the conviction that it ought not to be tranquil; for, in the course of his visits among the villagers, he had heard some of the ugly rumors about Flossy's past, which were more prevalent than Mrs. Vane herself suspected and than the General ever had it in his power to conceive.

"Well, sir," he said—for Mr. Ingledew was always very deferential to the Squire of the parish—"what I meant was more perhaps that Mrs. Vane requires perfect freedom from all anxiety for the future than that she is suffering from uneasiness of mind at present. Possibly Mrs. Vane is a little anxious from time to time about Master Dick, who is not of a particularly robust constitution, or perhaps about Miss Vane, who does not strike me as looking exactly what I should call 'the thing.'"

"No—does she, Ingledew?" said the General, diverted at once from the consideration of his wife's health to that of his niece. "She's pale and peaky, is she not? Have you seen her to-day?"

"H'm—not professionally," replied Mr. Ingledew, rubbing his chin. "In point of fact, Mrs. Vane intimated to me that Miss Vane had refused to see me—to see a doctor at all. I am sorry, for Miss Vane's own sake, as I think that she is not looking very well at present—not at all well."

"There she goes now!" cried the General. "We will have her in and hear what all this is about. Enid, Enid—come here!"

He had seen her in the conservatory, which ran along one side of the house. He and Mr. Ingledew were sitting in the library, and through its half-open glass door he had caught sight of the girl's white gown amongst the flowers. She turned instantly at his call.

"Did you want me, uncle?"

"Oh—er—Mr. Ingledew——"

"I understood from Mrs. Vane," said the Doctor, "that you did not wish for medical advice, Miss Vane."

Enid colored a little, and was silent for a moment; then she answered, in her usual gentle way—

"I had some disinclination a few days ago to consult a doctor, and perhaps Mrs. Vane has accidentally laid more stress upon my saying so than I intended. But I am quite willing—now—to consult Mr. Ingledew a little."

She sank into a chair as if she were very tired, and for a moment closed her eyes. Her face was almost colorless, and there were violet tints on her eyelids and her lips.

Mr. Ingledew looked at her gravely and knit his brow. He knew well that her explanation of Mrs. Vane's words was quite insufficient.

Mrs. Vane had sweetly and innocently assured him that she had begged "dear Enid" to see a doctor—Mr. Ingledew or another—and that she had firmly refused to do so, saying that she felt quite well.

Enid's report did not tally with Mrs. Vane's words at all. The doctor knew which of the two women he would rather believe.

The General walked away leaving the patient and the medical man together.

At the close of the interview, which did not last more than a few minutes, Enid rose with a weary smile and left the room. The General came back to Ingledew.

"Well, Ingledew?"—Mr. Ingledew looked grave.

"I should not say that there was anything serious," he said; "but Miss Vane certainly requires care. She suffers from palpitation of the heart and faintness; her pulse is intermittent; she complains of nausea and dizziness. Without stethoscopic examination I cannot of course be sure whether there is anything organically wrong; but I should conclude—judging as well as I can without the aid of auscultation—that there was some disturbance—functional disturbance—of the heart."

"Heart! Dear, dear—that's very serious, is it not?"

"Oh, not necessarily so! It may be a mere passing derangement produced by indigestion," said the doctor prosaically. "I will come in again to-morrow and sound her. I hope it is nothing more than a temporary indisposition." And so Mr. Ingledew took his leave.

"Mrs. Vane didn't want me to see her!" he said, as he left the house. "I wonder why?"

Meanwhile Enid, passing out into the hall, had been obliged to stand still once or twice by reason of the dizziness that threatened to overcome her.

She leaned herself against the wall until the feeling had gone off, and then dragged herself slowly up the stairs. She had suffered in this way only for the last week or two—since Hubert went away.

At first she had thought that the warm spring weather was making her feel weak and ill; but she did not remember that it had done so before.

She had generally revived with the spring, and been stronger and better in the warmth and sunshine of summer. She could not understand why this spring should make her feel so ill.

She went into her own room and lay flat down on the bed. She had the sensation of wishing to sink deeper and deeper down, as if she could not sink too low.

Her heart seemed to beat more and more slowly; each breath that she drew was an effort to her. She wondered a little if she was going to die.

Presently she heard somebody enter the room.

She was not strong enough to turn her head; but she opened her eyes and saw her maid Parker standing beside her bed regarding her with alarm.

"Law, miss, you do look bad!" she said.

Enid's white lips moved and tears trembled on her eyelashes; but she did not speak.

Parker, seriously alarmed, hastened to procure smelling-salts, brandy, and eau-de-Cologne, and, with a few minutes' care, these applications produced the desired result.

Enid looked a little less death-like; she smiled as she took a dose of brandy and sal-volatile, and moved her fingers towards the woman at her side. Parker did not at first know what she wanted, but discovered at last that the girl wanted to hold her hand.

Contact with something human seemed to help to bring her back from the shadowy borderland where she had been wandering. Parker, astonished and confused, wanted to draw away her hand; but the small cold fingers closed over it resistlessly.

Then the woman stood motionless, holding a vinaigrette in her free hand, and looking at the pale face on the pillow, at the pathetic blue eyes which sought her own from time to time as if in want of pity.

Something made Parker's heart beat fast and the hot tears come into her hard dark eyes.

She had never felt any particular fondness for Miss Enid before; but somehow that mute appeal, that silent claiming of sympathy and help, made the woman who had spent the last few weeks in dogging her footsteps and spying out her secrets bitterly regret the bondage in which her past life had placed her.

"Do you feel better now, miss?" she asked, in an unusually soft tone, presently.

"Yes, thank you, Parker; but don't go just yet."

Parker stood immovable. Secretly she began to long to get away. She was afraid that she should cry if she stayed there much longer holding Enid's soft little white hand in hers.

"Parker," said Enid presently, "were you in your room last night soon after I went to bed?"

The maid slept in the next room to that of her young mistress.

"Yes, miss—at least, I don't know what time it was."

"It was between nine and ten o'clock when I went to bed. Did you see anybody—any one all in white—come into my room after I was in bed? If your door was open, you might have seen any one pass."

"Good, gracious, miss, one would think that you was speaking of a ghost! No, I didn't see anybody pass."

"I thought, perhaps," said Enid rather faintly, "that it might be Mrs. Vane coming to see how I was, you know. She has a loose white wrapper, and she often throws a white lace shawl over her head when she goes down the passages."

"You must have been dreaming, miss," said Parker.

She found it easier to withdraw her hand now that the conversation had taken this turn.

"I suppose I must," said Enid, in a scarcely audible tone.

Then she turned away her face and said, "You can go now, Parker; I feel better. I think that I shall go to sleep."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE irresolute seize with eagerness all overtures which show them two roads, and which, in consequence, do not press them to choose.

Nothing is so good for an ignorant man as silence; and if he was sensible of this he would not be ignorant.

Bric-a-Brac.

CHINESE DOCTORS.—The native doctors of China are to a great extent self-constituted. Any person who is in want of a livelihood, and who can read and write sufficiently well to be able to copy out prescriptions from a medical book, can set up in practice without fear of government or other interference.

SMOKE SIGNALS.—Indians are rising smoke to give signals to distant friends. A small fire is started, and as soon as it burns up, grass and leaves are heaped on the top of it. Thus a large column of steam and smoke rises. By covering the fire with a blanket, the Indians interrupt the rising of the smoke at regular intervals, and the successive clouds are used for conveying messages.

THEN AND NOW.—"In 1816," says a London exchange, "It took one bushel of corn to buy one pound of nails; now one bushel of corn will buy ten pounds of nails. Then it required 64 bushels of barley to buy one yard of broadcloth; now the same amount of barley will pay for 20 yards of broadcloth. It then required the price of one bushel of wheat to pay for one yard of calico; now one bushel of wheat will buy 20 yards of calico."

OVER-SLEEPING.—To prevent oversleeping, and thus risking the loss of their employment, the mail-carriers of Morocco resort to a unique and perilous scheme. They tie a string to one foot, and, as they know how long a yard or two will burn, they regulate the length of the string by the time they have to sleep. They light the string, which burns slowly; and, when the fire comes to their foot, they are painfully reminded that it is time to arise.

THE RICE-LILY.—A lovely flower called the rice-lily grows thickly in parts of south-western Georgia. It is extremely sensitive to the light. The blossoms fold up in the night, but open in the morning. At night, when the lovely white blossoms are enfolded in their purple covering and the flowers are asleep, if a lamp is placed near them they will gradually open and turn towards it. If a strong light is placed on one side of the case containing them, the half of the bouquet that faces the lamp will be unfolded, while the other half that is in the shadow will remain tightly closed.

ADULTERATION OF JAMS.—Jams are adulterated by the admixture of inferior fruits. For instance, gooseberries are often added to raspberry-jam. Marmalades frequently contain apple-pulp, or even turnips. Coloring-matter and artificial flavorings are freely used. An ingenious industry goes on largely which is wholly unsuspected by the public. Raspberries and oranges, are purchased by the wholesale chemists and the juice extracted; then the pulp is bought at a low price by the manufacturer of cheap jams for flavoring, and placed in the market as "fine new season jam" or marmalade.

THE ONLY ORNAMENT.—The only ornament worn by the Chinese of the laundrymen class is a wristlet, a polished translucent ring of white or greenish stone, just large enough to slip over the hand. They are quite expensive, ranging from $3 for an inferior dull white specimen to $50 for the green rings, that are the most highly prized. They must be entirely free from imperfections and emit a clear, sonorous ring when struck a light blow. Some Chinamen never remove them from their wrists, thinking that they give increased strength to the arm, and specimens dug from graves are most valued, as they are believed to be especially efficacious in warding off evil spirits.

BENGAL SUPERSTITIONS.—According to a paper printed in the annual report of the Bombay Anthropological Society, the following superstitions are current in Bengal: Shouting the name of the king of birds (Garuda) drives away snakes. Shouting Ram Ram drives away ghosts. Cholera that attacks on Monday or Saturday ends fatally, but not cholera that attacks on Thursday. The flowering of bamboos augurs famine. In fanning, if the fan strike the body it should be knocked thrice against the ground. When giving alms the giver and receiver should not be standing on different sides of the threshold. If a snake is killed, it should be burned, for it is a Brahman. At night the words "snake" and "tiger" should not be used; call them creepers and insects. Do not wake up a sleeping physician. A morning dream always comes to pass. Devotion without head gear is wrong. Iron is a charm against ghosts. A black cat with a white face is very auspicious.

SWALLOWS.

BY MARY J. MURCHIE.

The swallows fly high, the swallows fly low,
And summer winds come, and summer days go;
They are building nests 'neath the cottage eaves;
They dream not of autumn or fading leaves.
The soft showers are falling, the west winds blow,
The swallows fly high, the swallows fly low.

But summer is passing, and golden sheaves
Are whispering of winter and withered leaves;
The woodlands are ringing the whole day long;
The swallows are singing their farewell song;
They sing of a land where they long to be,
Of endless summer far over the sea.

For spring brings the swallows to last year's nest,
And world-weary hearts wander home to rest.
No home like the old of sunshine and dew;
No faces so dear and no hearts so true!
Whenever, wherever my feet may roam,
My heart turns with love to my childhood's home.

REJECTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

THEO draws back her window-curtain and surveys the gray aspect of the park and fields in silent meditation.

"Yes, I shall hunt to-day," she exclaims, with a sudden resolution, turning away from her inspection of the weather with a faint sigh. "I am not going to let the whole world think that I care for a man who is engaged to somebody else. If Uncle Robert imagines that I—I was infatuated with him he shall find out his mistake, and understand once for all that I do not care anything for any man living. And as for Queen Bess—well, I shall make a start at any rate, if it is only to show Major Leveson that I—I would not lower myself by riding one of his horses."

Having arrived at this conclusion, Miss Dudley dons her habit as quickly as possible, and hurries down to breakfast.

She is conscious of a feeling of intense relief as she enters the dining-room and discovers that she has just escaped encountering both her uncle and Major Leveson, and, without their eyes fixed upon her, she finds little difficulty in answering the inquiries after her headache and in accounting for her speedy recovery.

There is a general move as the clock strikes ten and the sound of horses' hoofs is heard upon the graveled drive outside; and Theo's heart nearly falls her as, in crossing the hall, she is suddenly brought face to face with Major Leveson.

He is standing before the fire with his hunting-crop in his hand, looking remarkably well in his red coat and white leathers; but as he meets Theo's eye his whole countenance seems to darken, and, vouchsafing him only a cold regal inclination of her head, she passes on.

For the first time the girl is vaguely cognisant of a strange heaviness at her heart as she descends the wide stone steps, and realizes with a pang that there is no gallant Major there this morning to assist her to mount.

Her face does not wear its usual smiling expression; and old Peters, who has been waiting for her appearance with an air of suppressed excitement, looks quite disappointed as she lets him assist her into the saddle without a word, not even making a remark upon the beautiful thoroughbred, nor seeming to notice that it is not the horse she had expected to ride.

Major Leveson, watching her from the steps, where he is apparently deeply engrossed in pulling on a pair of new gloves, turns away with a grim smile, and, swinging himself into his saddle, sets off at quick trot to overtake the riders who have already started.

He little imagines what tumultuous feelings he rouses in the breast of the younger Miss Gore by riding up to her and keeping in close attendance until Woodville Farm is reached, where the hounds are meeting this morning; but he is equally unconscious of the disappointment she feels when, in the midst of one of her most witty speeches, she pauses to behold her cavalier's eyes fixed attentively upon Theo, who has just come upon the scene, and to note the look of anxiety which crosses his face as her mare suddenly starts, swerves, and finally rears upon her hind-legs in a manner which would undoubtedly unseat a less experienced rider.

He seems scarcely to hear what she is saying, answers her questions at random, and, when the "Yoicks!" of the huntsman rings out through the dull, foggy atmosphere, leaves her and her horse to their own devices, and goes off at a gallop in the direction which Miss Dudley has just taken.

Theo hears the thud of hoofs behind her, and instinct tells her that it is Major Leveson.

As the hot blood mounts to her face she touches her mare sharply with her whip, and feels a desperate longing to increase the distance between them.

Her efforts are successful. After galloping across two fields she finds she is ahead both of Leveson and Jack Greville; and she is making boldly for a high, formidable-looking fence, with the proud consciousness that she is leading the field, when the sound of hoofs grows suddenly more distinct behind her.

"Stay, Miss Dudley! Do not attempt that hedge—you can never do it!"

Theo hears the voice, and realizes only too well the necessity for that caution; but in her present reckless state of mind the peremptoriness of his tone only serves to goad her on.

With set lips and a smile of the most intense scorn, she gives one disdainful glance in Major Leveson's direction, and then sends her mare flying over.

"There," she murmurs to herself, as in the most providential manner she comes down safely on the other side—"he will know for the future not to speak to me like that!"

And, conscious that Leveson is following her every movement with an expression of the utmost annoyance, she tightens her reins, and, utterly regardless of the rolling eyes and excitable condition of the mare, lets her go galloping off again at full speed.

It was growing late; the last fox has been killed, and the hunters are turning their faces towards home.

"We have had a grand day," says the Honorable Augustus Craven, as he, Theo Dudley, and two or three other guests staying at Chandos Court wend their way slowly along a narrow and exceedingly stony lane.

They all agree enthusiastically except Theo, who scarcely seems to hear the remark.

In spite of the fact that she has kept up with the hounds to the last and has taken the fences in a manner which even her dear Rob Roy might have been proud of, her day had been a mistake—a complete and most signal failure.

"I do not know how it is," she thinks to herself. "I fancy I must be tired of hunting. Yet I enjoyed it so much on Tuesday."

And, as the memory of that ride comes back to her, a strange mist rises before her eyes—a mist which effectually obliterates the landscape from her view.

It is altogether an unfortunate moment. Whether it is that that particular part of the road is exceptionally stony or that Theo cannot see what she is doing, she does not know; but it happens that all at once—without any warning whatever, her mare stumbles, and, before she has time to collect her scattered senses, falls heavily to the ground.

In an instant Theo has sprang from the saddle; and the mare, without a struggle, has started to her feet again, but not before the stones have cut two fearful gashes upon her knees, from which the blood is trickling in a most foreboding manner.

There is an ominous silence. They all stare at one another in dismay, as if all power of speech has wholly deserted them. They look from Theo to the mare, and from the mare to Theo.

Theo however is the first to recover herself. She shakes her head as she sees the two unsightly gashes, strokes the sleek arched neck tenderly—caressingly, and then breathes a sigh of relief.

"Oh, how thankful I am it is not Thundercloud! I could never have looked Sir James in the face again."

"What do you mean, Miss Dudley?"

The question comes from Augustus Craven.

"Only that he thinks so much of Thundercloud—he is a thoroughbred, you know; and this one is—well"—comprehensively—"he told me himself she had broken her knees twice before."

"But, Miss Dudley—surely you do not imagine you have been riding Queen Bess to-day?"

Theo starts, draws her breath sharply, turns deadly pale. She gazes wildly at the animal before her, at the small lean head, at the long arched neck, then at the slender legs; and for the first time a suspicion of the truth dawns upon her—a suspicion that almost stuns her.

"I—I don't understand," she falters growing pale. "If you say this is not Queen Bess, then who is it?"

"Do you not know, Miss Dudley?" gasps Craven in the greatest consternation. "Why, she is Grace Darling, Major Leveson's crack hunter!"

Theo receives the information in silence. She seems almost paralysed, and, as if for support, places one hand upon the loosely-hanging reins.

Then, as she slowly realizes the truth, she turns round quite angrily upon the small group.

Why had not somebody told her—why had not some of them given her a hint when they saw how ignorant she was? At least Peters ought to have done so—Peters, who had helped her to mount so smilingly that morning.

"Never mind, Miss Dudley—do not trouble yourself about it!" says some one consolingly. "Considering it is you, I will be bound that Leveson will never say a word."

The unwitting thrust pierces Theo to the heart. Considering it is she! Ah, how little they know—how little they guess at the error under which they are laboring! The suggestion maddens her when she recalls to her mind the cold contempt with which she has treated him during the day and the look of disgust which came into his face when she so recklessly ignored his warning.

A feeling of despair comes over her. What could he have thought of her for riding his hunter, beautiful Grace Darling, in that mad, headstrong fashion; and, worse still, what will he think now when he sees those knees?

It is somewhat mud-stained, weary-looking Theo who, half an hour later, enters the hospitable doors of Chandos Court. Her habit is splashed, her once bright boots are caked with mud; and, as she steps into the bright light of the large oak-panelled hall, where a huge fire is roaring up the chimney in cheerful defiance of the fog and gloom of the December afternoon, her face looks deathly pale.

Pausing irresolutely upon the threshold, she passes her hand across her eyes with a dazed gesture, and then glances wildly towards the red-coated figures lounging by the fire.

She dreads the meeting with Major Leveson, and longs for a few minutes' respite. Yet, she thinks, what good would it do if the minutes were hours—even days? The news would be just as difficult to break then as it is now—matters would still be exactly in the same position; and Theo begins to think the sooner the whole thing is over and done with the better.

"Ah, there you are—you have come at last! We were beginning to wonder what on earth had befallen you."

But Theo scarcely hears Sir James's greeting—she is hardly conscious that any one is speaking, for at that moment there is a footstep upon the stairs—a footstep that sends the blood in a crimson tide to her cheeks; and, with a feeling of utter despair she suddenly realizes that the disastrous moment has arrived.

Major Leveson comes slowly down the stairs, his hands in his pockets, his head bowed; and not until he is close at Theo's side is he aware of the presence of that slight girlish figure in the well-fitting habit.

Then he looks up abruptly, but is about to pass on without a word, when Theo, after a momentary hesitation, makes a quick movement towards him, an expression of deepest misery on her face.

"Will you stay for one moment, Major Leveson?" she exclaims, her heart almost failing her as she notes the unmistakable frown that is contracting his brow. "I—I want to speak to you."

"To speak to me?" he echoes in a tone of amusement, which even the chilling politeness of his manner fails to conceal.

"Yes, to you. The fact is, I—I——"

She turns away with a sigh, her lips quiver, the hunting-crop in her hand falls with a clatter to the ground.

"I do not know how I can tell you," she continued, "but I have had a dreadful accident!"

"And you—are hurt!"

The Major had stepped forward to pick up the whip, but he suddenly stops, and looks anxiously at Theo's white face.

"No; I am all right—worse luck!" she responds lugubriously. It is Grace Darling."

"Grace Darling!" he exclaims.

"Yes, Grace Darling," answers Theo, intently studying the fastenings of her glove. "She—she—has broken both her knees!"

Theo raises her eyes shamefacedly to the red-coated figure before her, and then leans back heavily against the rail of the staircase to await his wrath with an air of resignation and despair.

Major Leveson received the news in perfect silence; he hears the words as in a dream.

There is a terrible pause, a pause which seems like hours to Theo as she stands without stirring or moving her gaze from the rug at her feet.

At last the Major speaks.

"So she has broken her knees," he says in an odd constrained tone, and with a curiously changed and ominously calm manner. "How did it happen?"

"I cannot think; it was all over so quickly," replies Theo in a low distressed tone. "The road was very bad; there was a great many stones; I——"

"Oh, yes, I see how it was," interposes Leveson brusquely—"I understand exactly! But pray do not apologize"—with a sceptical smile—"I am not at all astonished. I had an idea this morning that you had made up your mind to bring her to some untimely end."

"Major Leveson"—Theo stares at him in blank astonishment—"what in the world do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" shrugging his shoulders. "Only that I expected as much: I knew you would have some such an accident."

He speaks carelessly, indifferently, yet, as he does, he recollects with a sharp pang of remorse that it is his beautiful mare whose ruin he is so lightly discussing—Grace Darling, whom he had valued above everything else.

"All day I noticed you riding recklessly, as if you did not care what happened. More than once I felt inclined to speak, for your own sake as well as for Grace Darling's; but, after the way you disregarded my warning about that fence you insisted upon taking, I came to the conclusion that it was better to hold my tongue. And now"—bitterly—"I suppose I ought to be thankful that you did not kill the poor creature outright."

"How can you say such a thing!" cries Theo with sudden vehemence, tears of rage starting from her eyes. "Do you suppose I knew for one moment whose horse it was I was riding?"

He laughs ironically.

"Is it possible for me to suppose anything else? Grace Darling is not so ordinary-looking that she might be easily mistaken."

"No; but for all that I did mistake her," answers Theo, her voice trembling with anger, "or you may rest assured"—with an emphatic stamp of her foot—"had my life depended upon it, I would not have ridden one yard upon anything that belonged to you."

Just at this moment the Honorable Augustus Craven appears smilingly upon them.

"Ah, there you are, Miss Dudley! I have come to fetch you to have some tea; it is waiting in the drawing-room, and I am sure you must need a cup to fortify you after the stirring events you have passed through. Hallo, Leveson, what have you to say to the news?"—significantly, and screwing his glass into his eye. "Very little I'll be bound. It was lucky Miss Dudley was the delinquent. But, stay—you are not going, surely, Miss Dudley? You will have some tea?"

"No, thank you; I do not want any," she replies, turning abruptly away.

"Not want any?" echoes the Honorable Augustus, gazing incredulously from the rapidly retreating figure to Leveson, who has turned his back towards him.

And all at once the young man realizes that his remarks have not been altogether a propos.

"A screw loose somewhere," he mutters. "Cartright will lose his bet after all!"

* * * * * *

A bright wood fire is burning in the smoking-room of Chandos Court, lighting up the ancient oak furniture and dark wainscoted walls, and casting a cheerful glow upon the large arm-chair where Major Leveson, thoroughly wearied out with his long run with the hounds, is sitting with a cigar between his lips and his legs crossed, gazing moodily at the flames before him.

"What a fool I was! I might have known there was some mistake," he mutters, watching the blue wreaths of smoke curl up lazily above his head. "Why did I speak to her as I did?"

A soft knock at the door disturbs his reflection, and, in answer to a decidedly annoyed "Come in," Theo herself appears upon the threshold.

The muddy habit has been replaced by a dainty well-fitting gown, the disordered locks are lying in soft pretty curls upon her forehead, and her cheeks have regained their usual delicate color.

"I beg your pardon"—hastily removing the cigar from his lips, Leveson pushes back his chair and rises to his feet. "Did you want me?"—in tones of frigid politeness.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but I shall not be a moment.—I have only come"—she hesitated slightly—"to speak to you about Grace Darling, and to give you this"—glancing down at the paper in her hand.

"There is nothing more to be said about the mare," returns the Major, with an impatient gesture. "Pray do not open the subject again."

"I shall not trouble you more than a few minutes," answers Theo, her eyes flashing ominously. "I have only come to say that—well, that, when the accident happened, I felt perfectly hopeless of ever being able to repay you for poor Gracie—of course I know how valuable she is—but I have found a way out of my difficulty; at least, I have come to the conclusion that, as we stand with regard to the terms of Colonel Leveson's will, it is in my power, and mine alone, to give you your share of his fortune. Had we done as I wanted it would have been settled long ago; but anyhow it is yours now, for I"—she speaks the words with an effort—"I refuse to marry you!"

Major Leveson is completely dumfounded; Theo however is quite herself.

"That is all I have to say," she adds composedly. "Here is the paper I have signed. Will you take it?"

He thrusts the proffered paper aside indignantly, and in a moment recovers himself.

"You refuse to marry me! Good heavens, what do you mean?"—with a harsh mirthless laugh. "Surely there is some mistake! The lawyers will soon find something to quibble over; you cannot refuse an offer which has never been made."

"Then, if there is any fear of the legality of the affair, for goodness' sake make the offer!" cries Theo, readily accepting the challenge. "Make it now if you like. You need not be afraid; my answer is here; you can see for yourself before you ask me. It is signed with my name in full, and not all the judges and juries in England could upset it."

Her tone, the very indifference of her manner exasperate him. He turns deliberately away, and walks to the other end of the room.

And yet, as he stands there, a terrible feeling comes over him. Is this to be the termination—is he really to hear her refusal thus? it is impossible. He glances swiftly at the slender graceful figure, and then, with a sudden uncontrollable impulse, returns recklessly to her side.

"You tell me to make you an offer—to ask you to marry me, Theo"—he seizes her hand, and holds it tenderly, passionately—"it is the one question I have been longing to ask you for days. My darling, I love you, will you be my wife?"

At his words a deep flush crimsons Theo's cheeks, and her heart begins to beat furiously; but hastily withdrawing her hand from his, she answers lightly—

"That will do splendidly; but you need not overact the part—there is nobody listening unfortunately."

"Theo do you want to drive me mad? Cannot you see that I am in earnest?" he exclaims. "You know—you must know how much I love you—that I have only been waiting for an opportunity to ask you to marry me; and now answer me," he says, in low excited tones. "For Heaven's sake give me some hope!"

She holds up her head and looks steadily, unflinchingly into his eyes.

"This is your answer," she returns, with

a slight tremor in her voice, as she unfolds the paper and holds it towards him for inspection.

He takes it up and, without one glance at the contents, flings it into the very heart of the fire.

An expression of dismay dawns upon Theo's face as the bright flames immediately reduce all her careful composition to ashes.

"Why have you done that?" she cries, turning with indignation upon Major Leveson as the last blackened fragment floats up the chimney.

"Why?"

He laughs disdainfully.

"Do you suppose I care for you so little that I could ever touch a penny of the money which I should gain only through your refusal to marry me? No!"—curtly—'If you refuse I refuse also, and my uncle's fortune shall be squandered for all the interest I take in it.'"

He folds his arms and stares fixedly at the fire.

Theo breathes with a sigh, and glances towards the door.

Evidently Leveson detects her thoughts, for he instantly turns and faces her with an air of resolution.

"Miss Dudley, we are not to part like this! A moment since, when I asked you to marry me, you imagined I was merely playing a part in order to make the whole thing legal; but surely you cannot be so ignorant of my real feelings, for you must know that I have loved you passionately ever since the night when I first met you."

"You loved me!" echoes Theo mechanically, though once again her heart begins to beat wildly, in the most exasperating manner. "What do you mean? It is impossible—you cannot!"—in a strange bitter voice.

"Impossible! How?"

"Because I know you care for someone else. Once or twice of late I have heard rumors, and quite recently I was told that the reason you had given for refusing to have anything to do with that ridiculous will was that you were either in love or engaged at the time."

She pauses to see the effect of her words for, contrary to her expectations, Leveson has stood perfectly silent, listening to her accusations without attempting to raise the slightest disclaimer.

"Of course, knowing this," she proceeds, with a feeling of growing depression, "I can only conclude that you are not satisfied with half Colonel Leveson's fortune, and, in order to get the whole, have made up your mind to throw over the other girl and—well, to marry me."

"And do you really believe I am such a scoundrel, Miss Dudley?" inquires Leveson in such a reproachful tone that Theo's eyes instantly droop before his clear and searching gaze. "Do you not know me better than to think me capable of such a mean action?"

Her only answer is a sigh.

"Theo"—drawing a step nearer to her—"is it true—do you really think so badly of me as all that?"

"What could I think?" she falters. "It was my uncle who told me, who said you had given that reason to him, so that, if I am to believe you"—with a slight break in her voice—what about uncle Robert? You cannot both be right."

"Well, you have certainly logic there; but I am afraid it will not hold water this time, for your uncle is right also. I confess I did tell him that there was somebody else in the way, and it is true—there was! I was in love—desperately in love—with 'Miss Hardcastle.' Theo dearest"—smiling and holding out his hand to her—"do you believe me now?"

"Believe you!" she echoes, studying the buckle on her shoe.

"Yes; but all I ask of you now is to put me out of my misery and say 'Yes' for the second time to 'Young Marlow'!"

As he speaks he gazes down at her with an expression of such desperate pleading in his eyes that Theo instinctively raises her head, and, forcing herself to look into his face, lets her lips relax into a sweet irresistible smile.

"Yes. Is that all I need say?"

She laughs, hesitates a moment, and then slips her hand into the one held out to her.

"I concocted my refusal most carefully, but it never entered my head to think over an acceptance."

"Then do not trouble yourself in the least please. 'Yes' is quite enough, so long as it is 'Yes.'"

"It is really too dreadful!" declares Theo with a frown of perplexity. "I shall never have any opinion of myself again. It is scarcely half an hour since I entered this room with the full intention of blankly refusing you, and just to think here I am ——"

She shakes her head.

"Accepting me," puts in the Major amusedly. "But tell me, darling"—with sudden tenderness—"do you really care for me?"

"Care for you! Ah, if you only knew how miserable I have been, because I thought you did not care for me!"

Theo made the admission somewhat reluctantly.

"And had it not been for that accident today neither of us would have been any the wiser even now. Grace Darling does not know what a good turn she has done us."

"Poor Grace! I—I shall never be able to hear her name again without feeling thoroughly unhappy."

"Then she must be rechristened immediately," returns Leveson cheerfully; "because I shall value Grace Darling and her broken knees more highly than any other horse in the stables. She shall have the most luxurious loose-box that we can possibly provide for her, and, unless she chooses, shall never be asked to do a stroke of work again."

"And you will never twit me when you see those dreadful scars upon her knees?"

"Never!" he answers, bending to kiss the pretty upturned face. "I shall be proud of them!"

[THE END.]

OF CAT AND DOG.

THAT FAVORITE bull terrier of mine, Sam by name, possessed, at any rate, one weakness, and this exhibited itself in an extreme dislike to all cats but our own—an aversion, indeed, which at times was apt to lead to very serious conflicts of language.

Sam's proper sleeping place was in a box or kennel in the back kitchen; and here he delighted to roll up with a couple of tortoiseshell cats on top of him or nestling between his paws.

In the house, in the parlor or drawing-room, or elsewhere, he would have nothing to do with them, and he ate their meat and drank their milk with all the greed a dog could show.

When Sam, in defending a neighbor's children, with whom he had formed a friendship, from the attack of a savage brown retriever, got sadly bitten in the thigh, our cats licked the wound and possibly assisted it to heal.

Three or four days latter, Sam accompanied the same children and their nurse in an afternoon stroll into the country and to take tea at a farmhouse.

Foolish, foolish dog; a cat lay in front of the fire, and Sam frightened it into running up the chimney, much to the detriment of the cakes and toast which were to serve for the frugal repast. Still, there is little or no enmity to be feared between cat and dog when they are properly brought up together.

The dog may be a little jealous at times, and the cat reciprocates this by a display of spitefulness, but both will prove forgiving, and feed from the same dish.

Two dogs would not do the latter, unless such soft-hearted little things as Italian greyhounds, toy spaniels, and pugs. The Japanese pug or spaniel is a great pet in this country, though extremely rare and difficult to obtain; and so is the Siamese cat, which is the handsomer animal of the two, and more in reality like an ordinary English pug dog than the Japanese variety is.

The Siamese cat is a short-haired creature, and when in full condition, resembles in texture of coat something between the seal and the rabbit.

The color is a brownish fawn, approaching that of a pug dog, and especially when the pointers are black smut, as they should be in the best specimens.

The Siamese cat is an affectionate animal; an ornament to the house, but not so good a "mouser" as our own tabby.

At the recent cat show, two or three handsome specimens were shown, and here, too, were three or four ordinary cats bigger than a good-sized terrier—one of them (the winner) 25lb. weight; but the second prize animal proved actually the bigger cat, for, though scaling but 23lb., he was not nearly so fat as the winner, and a man with a very red face, and short and stumpy in appearance, told me, if fattened properly, this 23lb. weight cat could be made to weigh quite 28lb.

What a monster!

A nice sized terrier is about 17lb. weight, and there are little mites of toy dogs weighing only 2½lb.

Why such big cats would scrunch them up like they would a rat or mouse.

So, after all, dogs have not all the strength on their side.

Performing cats are not often seen, though performing dogs are common enough. Pussy is not easily made amenable to discipline.

It can be taught to jump through a hoop or over your arm, but refuses to leave these elementary stages for the work required at a high school.

Even canaries, to say nothing of parrots and cockatoos, learn various tricks better than the cat does.

However, various audiences have been recently more or less delighted in witnessing a number of trained cats perform on the tight-rope, and go through other feats in a creditable manner—at least, creditable for a cat.

Dogs would do the work better, and I have seen a goat walk across a tight-rope in quite as artistic a fashion.

Of late years the "professors" who educate dogs and appear in the circus and elsewhere, have provided a "clown dog," which, generally rather odd in appearance, follows close at the heels of his master, cleverly reproducing the feats his kennel companions go through, running back to his chair or pedestal immediately the "professor's" eye rests upon him.

Cats have borne the reputation of being able to forecast earthquakes, but even this valuable and absolutely unique power does not appear to have saved them from being offered as sacrifices to propitiate some pagan deity.

This was being done in one country, whilst in another they were being worshipped.

A curious legend is that from Provence, where, on Corpus Christi day, June 2, the finest tom-cat of the country, wrapped in swaddling clothes like a child, was publicly exhibited in a magnificent shrine.

Every knee was bent, says the chronicler, every hand strewed flowers or poured incense, and the poor cat was treated as the god of the day.

But when the festival of St. John came round, on Dec. 27, a reversal met grimalkin, for a number of cats were procured, placed in a wicker basket, and thrown alive into the midst of a huge fire kindled in the public square by the bishop and his clergy.

Hymns and anthems were sung whilst the cats were burning, and priests and people marched in procession in honor of the sacrifice.

Cats are supposed to have a dread of water; still, this is in a degree mere supposition.

I have found more cats out at night time when the ground is wet and rain falls than when all is dry.

Some cats have been fond of going down to the river, paddling in the shallow water, and catching fish, and Pussy is a very fair swimmer when misfortune makes it necessary for her to show her powers of natation.

Dogs have been trained to go into the water and seize fish; but they did so by order of their master, and not of their own knowledge and to gratify the appetite, as is the case with piscatorial cats.

We all know the fate of the poet's cat, who came to an untimely end whilst endeavoring to take the gold fish from a bowl of water.

Then, when the dog is dead, his skin is required for many purposes.

Dried and inflated, it is much in demand by fishermen, especially off the Scotch coasts, to be used as floats in conjunction with their nets.

When dogs are given as a marriage portion they prove interesting; so, at any rate, the young ladies of Manchooria think.

Here a maiden with a drove of cattle and a couple of dozen dogs is supposed to be a great catch for the Manchoo fortune-hunter.

The dogs are fed and well cared for until winter approaches, when they are killed for the sake of their skins, which the inhabitants wear to keep out the cold.

Somehow or other there has always been more superstition connected with cats than with dogs.

For instance, a witch would usually take the form of a black cat if she could possibly do so, and pussy would sit alongside, and, purring, enjoy the companionship of the evil spirit, whilst in a similar presence the dog's hairs would stand on end with fear, and he curl up and tremble.

Even the most ferocious watch dog in the district would cower and whine in the presence of one from the land of spirits, whilst the cat would gladly welcome the evil visitor.

At least such was the belief in country places. At the present day the visit of a stray black cat to a household is deemed exceedingly lucky, especially if he takes up his abode there.

Why the cat should be black I cannot tell especially when all legends lead us to believe that cats of that dark hue are always evil.

PAWNBROKING IN PARIS.

In America the needy man who wishes to raise a loan on his watch, his overcoat, his boots, or his bed clothes betakes himself to his "uncle."

In France he goes to his "aunt" (or "ma tante," as Parisians express it) who, besides being equally obliging, is less extortionate in her charges for the accommodation.

Here the rate of interest on small loans is 25 per cent. per annumn; in France it is only 7 per cent.; yet the business upon the whole, is better managed and the affair is not only self-supporting but even profitable.

The institution of the Monts de Piete, or official pawning establishments, of Paris, is not of a very old date. It owes its foundation, in fact, to Louis XVI. and to Lenoir, his Minister of Police, who seems to have borrowed the idea from Artois and Flanders, where something of the kind had previously existed.

But indirectly, the idea came originally from Italy, where, in 1462, a monk, Barnabes of Terni, persuaded some rich people of Perugia to entrust him with the administration of a sum of money, to be lent, upon security, to the very poor. He called this fund Monte de Pieta, or "charitable bank;" hence the French name with which every one is familiar.

Following his example, the Franciscans established lending funds all over Italy.

Louis XVI.'s letters patent, founding a Mont de Piete in Paris, are dated December 9th, 1777; and to some extent, their provisions remain in force till this day, although their operation was interrupted for a time after the Revolution.

The Revolution looked with no favor upon pawnbroking, and discouraged the operations of the Mont de Piete; but Bonaparte stringently put down all the greedier usurers in Paris, and not only renewed the letters patent of 1777, but ordained the formation of six branch establishments, so as to do away with any excuse for the services of go-betweens, who had previously undertaken, for a consideration, the pledging of articles belonging to people who happened to live a distance from the Rue du Paradis.

The undertaking has ever since grown, and has generally flourished; but it has had its ups and downs, and in 1871 it narrowly escaped utter disaster.

Since 1871 the rate of interest payable by borrowers has been reduced to 7 per cent., and all profits, after payment of expenses, now go to the funds of the Assistance Publique, the official organization for the relief of poverty.

The very poor complain of a modern rule which directs the officials to lend no sums of less than three francs; the general public complains that, in its excessive anxiety to be on the safe side, the Mont de Piete now only lends a comparatively small sum on even a valuable pledge, and that, in consequence, many pledgers go to private usurers and are terribly fleeced by them.

Yet another charge is that the refusal of the Mont de Piete to lend a fair sum on an article has led to the establishment of an extensive trade in pawn tickets, and that the ultimate effect of this trade is to gradually ruin the poor.

A proposal has of late been made to authorize the Mont de Piete to lend up to nine-tenths of the actual appraised value of a pledge, and this will probably be carried.

Money for the operations of the institution is raised by the issue of bonds, which are redeemable in three months, six months, or a year, and which bear interest at the rate of 3 1-2 per cent.

Many saving Parisians have all their capital invested in these bonds, which they renew from time to time, as may be necessary.

The ownership of objects offered in pledge, and worth over twenty francs, has to be vouched for; and thus the Mont de Piete, to a great extent, avoids becoming the recipient of stolen goods.

Pledged articles are dealt with much as they are here, a counterpart of the pawn ticket being affixed to them. But there is a rule to the effect that all objects worth over fifteen francs, must be sealed up ere they are packed away.

At the branch establishments business is done publicly. Only at the head office is there a private room for shamefaced pledgers who do not desire to have their doings known to all the world.

Pledges are now sold only at the expiration of the fourteenth month, if then remaining unredeemed; and the pawners are first, in all cases, warned by letter that the sale is imminent.

SOME "INNOCENTS" AT HOME.—Not so very long ago there might have been seen in nearly every town a stout representative of an unfortunate class of persons who were variously called "fools," or "naturals," or "innocents." Curiously enough most of them belonged to the male sex.

So far from seeming to be half witted some of these "fools" were notorious for their ready wit.

Take for example, the following anecdote of daft Will Hamilton, of Ayr. Three young ladies were standing on the banks of a frozen loch, debating whether the ice was strong enough to bear them, when one of them, seeing Will close by, suggested that he should be requested to walk on it first, and he was asked accordingly.

"Though I'm daft," replied Will, "I'm no ill bred; after you, leddies!"

This was simply perfect. The acutest person in Christendom couldn't exceed the quasi-politeness of it, while it conveyed a stinging rebuke of an inconsiderate proposal.

The fame of Jamie Fleeman, the Laird of Udny's "fool," extended far beyond the bounds of Aberdeenshire. In fact judging from the many well-authenticated instances of his powers of repartee, his place would seem to be with the wits of his country rather than with its "fools."

One day Fleeman found a horseshoe, and shortly afterwards the Rev. Mr. Craigie, of St. Fergus met him.

Holding up the shoe, quoth Jamie—

"Minister, can you tell me what this is?"

"That you fool," replied Mr. Craigie—"that's a horseshoe."

"Eh?" rejoined Fleeman; "sic a blessin' as it is to be weel learned! I couldna' tell whether it was a horse's shoe or a mare's."

However, Jamie generally showed to much less advantage. He was once lying by the side of the Ythan, basking in the sun, when he was accosted from the opposite bank by the Laird of Waterton, whom it is but fair to say he cordially detested.

The laird wanted to know where the ford was safest, and Fleeman maliciously directed him to the deepest pool in the river, in crossing which Waterton was nearly drowned.

When he reached the other shore he came up, drenched to the skin and almost voiceless with rage, and charged Jamie with a deliberate attempt to drown him.

"Look here, laird," was the unabashed reply, "I've seen the geese and the dyeucks (ducks) crossin' there hunners o' times, and I'm sure your horse has langer legs than the dyeucks or the geese either."

Hogg relates an amusing story showing how daft Jock Amos parried a question which he didn't care to answer. Johnnie and a country woman were talking about their ages one day, when the latter inquired—

"Hoo auld will ye be?"

"Ou, I dinna ken," was the reply. "It wad take a wiser head than mine to tell that."

"It's a queer thing," responded the woman, "that ye dinna ken hoo auld ye are."

"I ken weel enough hoo auld I am," returned Jock, "but I dinna ken hoo auld I'll be."

But the village "fool" will sooner or later and sooner rather than later, become as extinct as the Court jester.

WHAT we ought not to do we should never think of doing.

FOR YOU AND ME.

BY RITA.

The years are going fast, my love,
The years are going fast,
And many griefs have been thy lot
To make thee seem what thou art not:
Still dear to me, while life shall last,
Will be thy own sweet self, my love,
Will be thy own sweet self.

And though we twain should go, my love,
And though we twain should go
Along life's path still many years,
Or flower-strewn or bathed in tears,
'Twill ever be, we both do know,
A kiss for you and me, my love,
A kiss for you and me.

FROM THE DESERT.

BY S. D. HAVILLAND.

CHAPTER I.

NEVER, Aline, my dear, never! I will die as I have lived—an honorable gentleman. Sit down and answer their letter. Say that Mr. Trefusis refuses, and bids them to do their worst. No, I was forgetting; I must write. Oh, if only my boy were here!" wailed old Mr. Trefusis, as he wrung his trembling hands and wistfully looked through the diamond-paned oriel window on the dreary landscape.

All without that met his weary eye betokened nothing but dismal wreck—the shattered remnants of a once busy, prosperous past.

A gaunt and smokeless chimney-shaft reared its blackened column in sharp contrast to the snow-covered waste aroudd, while the once trim buildings around it were in sordid and dreary ruins.

Skeleton rafters protruding from dismantled roofs, sashless windows, jagged-edged doorways, massive cranes with broken chains bright with red rust hanging from them, rattled and creaked in the chill sea-breeze.

Mounds of slack and refuse, piles of broken wagons with wheels uppermost, and rows of dismantled cottages, showed where an abandoned Cornish mine had one echoed the throbbing of machinery, the clank and clang of metal, and the hum of busy men.

A broad causeway winding down the precipitous cliffs led to the bleak seashore a few hundred yards off, the rails on which the ore-laden wagons had run heavily down lying twisted and distorted in every direction on the moss-covered stones.

On the beach, by the rotten and decayed wharf, where the crowd of shipping had once been moored, lay two or three half-submerged barges in the little bay which was surrounded on all sides by iron-bound cliffs descending sheer into the sea, their bases honeycomoed by the sea into numerous caverns, stretching in some cases far into the interior, and which seemed as stern barriers to guard from the outside world the knowledge that Wheal Bigot had ever existed, and that its owner, Trefusis, had ever torn their metal entrails as fiercely as ever the vulture did Prometheus.

"That letter offends my sight, dear," said Mr. Trefusis, as he slowly turned his head from the window. "I will not answer it now; do not touch it; take the tongs and burn it. No, stay," he added hastily, "I will not have even the vile thing in the house," as Aline stooped to pick up the heavy, old-fashioned tongs that rested on the ancient andirons in the tiled fireplace, and where a massive log was slowly smouldering and occasionally sending a fitful light through the gloomy room. "Ring for Garth, and forgive me, dear, for being so cross."

With a loving cry she ran to him, and drew his kindly grey head caressingly to her bosom.

"Uncle, darling, you are never cross. Your Aline loves you with all her heart. Don't worry about the horrid letter; see, now, Garth shall throw it away."

She leaned down and kissed him, her long golden hair mingling with his snowy locks.

They formed a pretty picture as the dancing firelight glinted on the mingled silver and gold on Aline's fresh cheek, pressed lovingly against his careworn face, her arm caressingly round him, and half supporting him, as he leaned back in the quaintly carved old oak chair.

They were alone in the world, and all in all to each other. Eighteen years before, his penniless and widowed sister Aline Copestone had with her dying breath implored him to take her four-year-old daughter to his home, and the then wealthy mine-owner had accepted the trust.

Nor for one moment had he ever regretted it; himself a widower with one son, Aline had grown up dearer and more beloved every year by both, and her sunny presence lightened up the gloomy mansion and, as years rolled on and she became the mistress of the house, her loving tact was ever used to bind the affections of father and son.

Both had had fiery tempers and unsubdued passions, inherited from their Phœnician ancestors, who in the remote past had traded with the ancient Celts of the Cassiterides for their wealth of copper and tin, and had intermarried amongst them.

Their coal-black hair and swarthy skins contrasted sharply with Aline's golden hair and deep blue eyes, inherited from her Saxon ancestors on her father's side.

Both Bob, her cousin, and she were perfect types of human beauty, and the rugged miners in the old prosperous days of the mine used to watch them with admiring pride.

"You have been more than a daughter to me, Aline, dear," he said, as he twined his trembling fingers in her sunny hair, and drew her gently down to him. "Do you know it is six years this morning since Bob left us?"

"I remember," she said.

As if she could ever forget that day!—the fierce quarrel between father and son, the bitter words, old Trefusis ordering him to quit his sight for ever, that he disowned him, and scornfully telling him to enlist, and never return, he added with a sneer, "unless he came back single, repentant, and with a fortune."

Bob had been deprecatory at first, but had at length blazed out in a passion equal to his father's and left with bitter and defiant words; and her uncle had come in with stern set face, and forbidden his name to be ever mentioned again.

As if she could forget, when she had loved Bob with all her woman's heart, and till his last visit to London, had always believed, from a thousand countless trifles as light as air, but to her gentle, trusting mind confirmation strong as proof of holy writ, that she was loved in return!

"I remember, uncle, dear," she said gently once more, as old Trefusis sat gazing into the fire.

"Did you ever know why he left us?" he continued wistfully. "Did you never hear from him? You loved him I know, dear."

"I loved him better than my life, uncle," she said. "I have never heard anything, and you have never told me."

"Better not, better not, my pretty," he added absently. "He was an honorable lad; I was harsh and cruel, but oh! it was a sore disappointment to me. He broke all my hopes. Since then, dear, you know that, if I did wrong in driving him away, I have suffered sorely. Troubles have indeed, come thick upon me, but, like Bob, I have kept the old motto of our house, 'Honor above all.' That reminds me, dear; ring for Garth."

An elderly serving man with kindly, worn face, in a suit of faded livery, noiselessly opened the door and waited his master's commands.

"Take that letter, Garth, and scatter it to the winds. It is a letter from that vile crew demanding money, and offering me ten thousand pounds in cash for Wheal Bagot, and that they will cease persecuting me any further if I accept, and give them the title deeds."

"Offer your Honor ten thousand pounds for Wheal Bagot!" exclaimed the old servitor, who had formerly been chief captain in the mine, and who with his wife and sons were the sole retainers in the establishment.

"Do the folks know there's a fault in the seams, and that it is five years since we got a shilling from it? Why, there is not fifty tons of metal in the whole mine," he continued warmly, as his mind ran rapidly along the miles of disused corridors and workings.

"Do they know your Honor has ruined yourself seeking for the fault and sinking fresh shafts in every likely place, and paying all the hands full wages too, till they got fresh employment, and—and—and all that?" he exclaimed, as recollection after recollection pressed on him.

"Oh, yes, they know all that," said Mr. Trefusis.

"Then, your Honor, sakes alive, why don't they be after offering ten thousand pounds for a few miles of useless sea rock and a bit of barren moor?"

"Because, Garth, they want to use the old name, and mine as a director, and bring out a limited liability company, and sell a couple of hundred thousand pounds worth of rotten shares to the British public, and ruin the shareholders, as so many like them have done, till the name of Cornish mines is cursed. No, a thousand times no!"

"The swindlers!" ejaculated Garth, who was as honest as his master, and who alone with his wife and family had clung to him in his ruined fortunes.

"Give me the letter, sir," he went on, "and I will scatter it to the four winds of heaven, or, better still, sir, I was just coming in to tell you; ask Captain Crackenthrop to answer them; he is riding over the moor and coming here."

"Tom Crackenthrop!" exclaimed Mr. Trefusis kindly: "I can guess what brings him here to-day. We have known him now for some time, ever since his regiment was stationed at the depot; it has not needed much penetration to see his feeling towards you, though I must confess," he added with a wan smile, "at first I thought it was love for scientific chess with me that brought him here so often. Well, well, dear, he is well spoken of; he has very little money besides his pay, but he is a good lad, and a true English gentleman, and a queen could wish for nothing better I don't think."

"But, uncle dear," said poor Aline, half laughing, half crying, "you are giving me away in a hurry; I am sure Captain Crackenthrop has never even spoken to me of such a thing, and besides, dear, you know I love Bob only, and always will, and ——"

"My loved one," said her uncle, as a shade of pain passed over his features, "at one time it was the dearest wish of my heart that you and Bob should have married, but it has been decreed otherwise. We are very poor, I have only this half-ruined house and that bleak and useless moor to leave you. Bob, for aught we know, is dead; in the course of a very few years you will be alone in the world; that Tom Crackenthrop should ask you to be his wife is my best wish; and, dear one, my blessings shall rest on you both. And I do not wonder," he said lovingly, "at his searching for my little violet who has bloomed unseen so long. You are very fair, dear pet."

And indeed she was fair, taking the word as beauty not color. Somewhat above the middle height, straight as a palm tree, slender as a willow branch, graceful as a fawn and almost as shy, she was one of those women to whom poets write sonnets and musicians dedicate nocturnes; one of the women who make brave men braver still, and weak ones yet more self-indulgent.

In her character the two main streams of womanly feeling ran side by side; the gentlest and most captivating reliance on those who were her superiors by age, sex, or condition; and the power of self-sacrifice for love.

Weak to the strong, and strong only for love, her love was wholehearted, passionate, unselfish, and pure as flame is pure. She looked at him with startled eyes, while she dimly realised what he had been saying.

Several times on the occasions when Captain Crackenthrop had called she had found herself wondering as to her feelings towards him, and had each time as resolutely thrust the thoughts away as treasonable to the memory of the lost cousin she had loved so dearly,—and who, just before his quarrel that day with his father, had told her that she, and only she, had been the woman he had ever truly loved, but that she was to forget him for ever.

"My best wish for you, Aline, my beloved," he had said bitterly, "is for you to be happily married to some good man, and to forget that Bob Trefusis ever existed."

These had been his last words as he went for the last time from the house and met his father on his way from the mine.

And now her uncle was saying the same thing.

"Let me think for half an hour, uncle," she cried, "my head is in a whirl."

Running lightly up the broad old staircase she ran into her room and threw herself across her bed, pressing her hands on her burning forehead and, poor child, trying to untangle the tangled skein of her thoughts.

She had no mother now to advise her, nothing but her own womanly instincts.

"Did she love Tom Crackenthrop?" she wondered.

She had felt pleased and gratified at the many little attentions and kindness he had shown her, and the air of kindly deference with which he had always been wont to treat her.

But then again, there was her uncle getting older and more feeble every day; and it was her place under her uncle's supervision, to look after the once large conservatories and greenhouses in which old Garth and his sons labored to send up the early fruits and vegetables to the London markets—and the furnaces of which they fed with the props and timber from the miles of disused workings—from the proceeds of which her uncle and she drew their quiet income.

She could not leave him. Then again, if married, could she not increase his income for him perhaps? and the poor unsophisticated child lay there tangling her sunny hair and vainly trying, as tens of thousands have tried before, and tens of thousands will in ages to come, to puzzle out the complicated problems which the stern reality of life is for ever placing before us.

"Miss Aline, dear, the lunch is on the table and your uncle is asking for you," said the old housekeeper, Garth's wife, as she looked into the room where Aline was sitting up looking the picture of dire perplexity as she rubbed her eyes.

"Sakes alive, my dear," she said, "how you have rumpled your hair, and the Captain downstairs too! Come here, dear," and, with motherly care, she sponged the flushed face with cold spring water and fastened up the rebellious tresses; "there now, you look as you should."

If Aline had been a man she would have said, "Oh, well, I shall just let things slide."

Being only an inexperienced girl, she gave a little sigh and a kiss of thanks to the old housekeeper, and followed her meekly downstairs with no clearer or more definite ideas in her pretty little head than she had gone up with, only with a vague general sense that things were "just horrid."

Her uncle was already seated in the old arm-chair at the table, which was spread with good Cornish fare, plain and homely, but good—a ham, a couple of roast fowls, home-baked bread and home-made butter, a cheese, wild honey from the moor, and a bunch of hothouse grapes and some freshly cut flowers in honor of their visitor, with a bottle of rare old claret, one of the few bottles remaining in the once well-stocked cellar, and a jug of humming ale.

"My dear, Captain Crackenthrop is ravenous after his wintry ride across the moor. Come and welcome him," chirped her uncle, as she shyly entered and glanced up at the brown eyes, looking down on her, as his face lit up with pleasure at seeing her.

She could not help returning his kindly look, as Tom Crackenthrop took her little hand in his great brown one and pressed it.

"The warmth of your uncle's welcome, Miss Copestone, has quite thawed the cold of the ride," he said, smiling, as he held her hand, as if loth to part with it.

"I am sorry—that I cannot stay very long," he said after lunch. "We have suddenly received orders to leave Plymouth in a day or two, en route for the Soudan. Of course, as you know, we expected to be sent to Egypt, but this notice is exceedingly short."

"Dear, dear!" said old Mr. Trefusis pitifully, "I am grieved; I want to consult you so much—that strong claret has got into my old head," he said, as he pressed his thin hand against his brow.

"Aline dear, show Captain Crackenthrop the conservatories while I have my nap, and afterwards give us some tea, and then my head will be clear to talk. Not so young as I once was," he continued sadly.

"Yes, uncle dear," said Aline, running up to him and tenderly taking his arm. Captain Crackenthrop made good use of his opportunity, and when old Mr. Trefusis awoke later, Tom was Aline's affianced lover.

"What, Tom!" said the old gentleman, "it is too good to be true! I am glad! Heaven bless you both!" and he shook him warmly by the hand.

"Come now; dear lad, sit down and we will have a chat. I may say, Tom, I have longed for it," he continued with the kindly garrulity of old age, "for I have often thought of what would become of my beloved girl when I am gone. My poor boy Bob, he is worse than dead to me, for, if I only knew the worst, then my mind would be at rest concerning him. I have often told you how he left me, but I have never told you the reason why. I should like to tell you now and ask your help," he said, with the pleading of helpless old age.

"Do, my dear old friend," said Tom affectionately; "I trust, please Heaven, you will soon have me as a son to replace the one you have lost. I am listening."

"In form you are different, but in your disposition you are the same. He was the soul of honor, affectionate and good. After he left Cambridge and became manager of the mine, he was still the same unsophisticated kindly lad, and it was my best wish he should marry his cousin—but it was not to be. The change came. He went to London on business connected with the mine; he came back gloomy and distrait, and I could see his heart was no longer with us. Again and again he went to London. I could not at first, later I would not try to control him. And then, six years ago to-day, I learned the terrible truth. On his first visit to London he had gone with our agent to one of those leading Music Halls. On the stage was one of those heartless women who are born to be the curses of men. The glamor of her presence, for I learned she was very beautiful," he added sadly, "captivated my poor lad; he hung about in the vestibules till she came into them to receive the adoration of her admirers. Utterly abandoned, heartless and mercenary, she found him an easy prey. She soon learned he was the son of a wealthy Cornish mine-owner—she had a solicitor in her pay—and—I need not lengthen the story—my poor Bob married her. The solicitor found out that he was of age, and that his late mother's property vested in the mine came to him on coming of age. He signed the settlements that were drawn up, without reading them, I would gladly believe; and I received the news in the shape of a letter, demanding on her behalf a third share of the mine, and full accounts. Then came our quarrel and parting. In two years she had squandered every shilling; the ore in the mine failed. And at last what I had foreseen happened. In response to a letter from me, refusing her money, for which she had always written in Bob's name, she told me jeeringly she had deserted him, and that he had followed my advice and enlisted. But, at all events, we were at peace till to-day, when I received a letter from the solicitor demanding imaginary arrears on her behalf and that the mine should be turned into a Limited Liability Company, to pay their joint demands."

Worn out with talking, he lay back exhausted in the chair.

"Never!" said Tom. "I am going to London to night to settle my little property on Aline, my solicitors shall protect you, as I am sure they can, from what you tell me; and, my dear old friend, I promise you, if ever it lies in my power, your son shall come back to you."

"I believe all you tell me," said old Trefusis. "Go now, my boy, and Heaven bless you. Something tells me, I know not how or where, that you will one day be the good spirit of the house of Trefusis. Good-bye!"

Aline met him in the hall and they walked down to the gates, where Garth's son was holding his horse.

Snow had fallen during their happy moments in the conservatory, where Aline had given him a moss-rose bud, and had shyly accepted him after telling him of her love for her lost cousin.

The line of coast ran shining into azure airy distances, as crystalline in aspect as the pale gold moon above them; the snow clad cliffs, washed by the dark green of the winter sea, with brown and peaks showing ghastly against the dingy sky beyond, stood boldly out in lowering sombreness.

The sands stretched brown and hard to the curl of the olive-colored surge, as, laden with wrack and seaweed, it rolled sluggishly in, the salt of them melting the snow quickly, whilst what that had left unfinished the crawling tide was completing itself.

Every element seemed at peace, yet somehow the true spirit of repose was wanting.

Tom and Aline's minds alike seemed troubled by a sense of conflict—the hush along the white spectral line of coast seemed scarcely less defiant than would be the noise of the thunder of the breakers, spurn-

ed by its iron foot, when they screamed and roared in the caverns beneath them.

"Farewell, dear," said Captain Crackenthrop, as he clasped her in his arms; "I hope soon to come home again and claim you as my bride."

"Yes, dear one," said Aline, as she looked up in his eyes, the love-light shining in them.

"Captain," said Nurse Dorothy, as she nervously plucked at his coat, "it is time for you to go; the trolls and pixies aye love a gallant gentleman—see, the white sea fog is creeping over Bagot Moor—it is dangerous to stay."

Tom sprang into his saddle and, and stooping down, pressed one kiss more on the lips of his betrothed. The horse bounded forward, and they were lost to sight in the shadowy mist.

CHAPTER II.

SAND, sand! to the west, as far as the eye could see, nothing but a yellow sea of sand quivering with heat as the sun beat fiercely down on it; to the east also a dreary waste of sand terminating in series of low sandy mounds which at varying heights undulated across the arid plain; towards the south the sandhills forming the horizon of three-fourths of the landscape till the last hillocks had gradually drifted level with the plain, and left nothing but the interminable vista of the desert beyond.

To the north, at about two miles distance, a chain of red mountains rose abruptly from the desert, shadowless, bare, and treeless, while the outlines of a solitary ruined Moslem tomb at the spur of one of the rocks stood out white and sharp in the clear air of the desert against the dark red background.

Situate about midway between the red mountains and white sand-hills lay a British camp or zareba, its front facing the desert, its rear towards the mountains, forming a square equally fortified on all sides. At intervals round the camps chain of double sentries were posted, their white tunics and helmets showing out vividly, while their bayonets glanced in the scorching sun; its rays striking obliquely across the plain as it slowly sank towards the misty horizon, and beating down on the little outpost, showed every detail in strong relief.

It shone on the ramparts of bags of sand with the broad, deep tread ones outside, the white baggage wagons interlocked on the parapets, the spaces beneath them filled with more sandbags, the trim rows of white tents inside the zareba ranged in symmetrical exactitude, the two larger pavilion-shaped ones showing the hospital and officers' quarters.

A few officers' chargers pawed the loose sand with restless hoofs, and rows of dromedaries and camels, each tethered to its picket, were being watered by some of their swarthy attendants, while others under the shadow of the neighboring wagons were preparing their meal of rice and dates.

All betokened soldierly alertness and discipline. The sentries on the ramparts stood like statutes, occasionally peering at their distant comrades on the plain as if they were looking for some long expected signal.

The men not on duty were gathered in knots and groups earnestly talking in low tones to each other.

Something weird and uncanny seemed to brood over the little camp.

Most of the men had a far-away look in their eyes, as of men who saw death in the not distant future, a look such as is seen on brave men's faces in shipwrecks when the captain has said, "The ship must strike soon."

Others, with more reckless but still subdued demeanor, were smoking and lounging about, and resting in the shadow of the wagons; others again, though not on duty, were closely examining their weapons.

The horses whinnied and moved restlessly and nervously; the dromedaries and camels swayed uneasily with a monotonous motion from side to side, and grunted and moaned occasionally as if they scented blood and death in the wind.

There was no hurry or bustle or excitement in the camp. All was quiet and still as the grave.

In one tent a grey-haired Scots sergeant had gathered a little group of earnest worshippers; in others some were talking in subdued murmurs, and here and there a soldier was seated looking at a letter or photograph.

The angel of death was even then spreading his wings over that little outpost, and every soldier knew it.

Lips might have flinched and grown tighter, cheeks might have blanched for a moment, eyes might have flashed for a second when the news came an hour before, but now no sign of fear or dismay could be traced in the humblest British soldier there.

The group of friendly natives sat in one corner of the camp, in the calm apathy that their belief in Kismet had made second nature, listening to one of their number, who from his tone and gestures might have been a professional eastern storyteller crooning out some tale from the "Arabian Nights," instead of giving them intelligence of such a nature that they knew that day's sun was the last they should ever look on as living men.

"Give the interpreter some water," said the elder of the two officers who in full uniform were seated in the pavilion tent, which showed, by the crimson ensign floating above it, that it was the camp headquarters.

The interpreter, one of those effeminate dragomans who are the necessary accompaniment of Europeans in the East, was a trembling picture of abject terror.

His blue lips could hardly frame the translation to the sentences spoken to him by the leader of the three men who stood just within the tent door, and who looked with listless unconcern at him.

Patient, grave, and indifferent, they stood there, clad in white burnooses and ample turbans, their brown bodies naked except where their loin-clothe wrapped tightly round their waists were intertwined with silver belts.

They looked totally indifferent to weariness or pain, as their keen, black, glancing eyes passed restlessly from one person to another, but each held his right arm bent stiffly upward, while the bloody bandages wrapped round the stump of each showed where the hand had been shorn off at the wrist.

The two officers looked sternly at the interpreter.

"Now, dragoman, at what time does Reo Fayed say the sheiks are going to attack?"

"Two hours after the rising of the crescent moon, perhaps before," stammered the dragoman.

"I think, Lieutenant Farquhar, we need not detain these poor Friendlies any longer; we have all the information they have brought, and they can tell no more than they know."

"Bid them go to the hospital, dragoman, and, orderlies, go with them, poor fellows, and see they have every comfort their religion will allow them to accept."

With a courteous bow to their poor maimed allies, who could only look respectfully at the officers in return, as it is the greatest insult a Mohammedan can show to salaam with his left hand, and their right hands had been cut off by the enemy, they ordered the interpreter to accompany them.

A grey-headed old sergeant closed the flap of the tent, and then stood guard at the entrance, and the two officers were left alone.

"We have got to die to-day, Crackenthrop," said Lieutenant Farquhar.

"Yes, dear Farquhar," said the older officer kindly.

"Give me your hand, Tom," said the young Scotchman; "we have always been chums, and you have been so good and kind teaching me soldiering, and now it all goes for nothing—we're just to be killed at the outset."

"Nay, do not say for nothing, my dear boy," said Tom Crackenthrop in a gentle voice.

"Show me when the last time comes—and it is very near now—that you are a brave soldier, and I shall know that what little I have tried to teach you has not been in vain; remember we have the men to set an example to. Come now, time is short and we have much to do. Sergeant," called Tom Crackenthrop, "come in."

The old soldier entered and saluted.

"You have heard, sergeant, what the friendly natives have told us."

"Yes, sir," impassively said the sergeant.

"The men had better have their meals now. See that the sentries are changed frequently and their water canteens well supplied."

The sergeant saluted and retired.

"Now, Lieutenant Farquhar, I intend to send two men for reinforcements. I know," Tom said, as the other officer was about to speak, "that it is useless; they could not reach us till long after all is over, but it is our duty to leave nothing undone that fore-thought can be supposed to do. I have already chosen a man from my company, you will now select a man from yours to accompany him. If not both, one may escape—they will carry duplicate despatches. You, my dear boy, will probably have a few messages to send. Copy this official despatch I am writing, then go to your tent, select your man, write your letters, and wait till I send for you, which will be very soon. You must choose a man who can ride well."

"I shall choose my foster-brother, Angus MacGreagh; many a time at my father's manse we have ridden my Galloway ponies together. The blacksmith's daughter's eyes would be wet did he not return, and he can tell them we died doing our duty."

"Here is the letter," said Tom.

To General Sir Henry Frobisher, C. B.,
Commanding Her Majesty's Forces,
The Camp, Soudan.

Zareba No. 1., Desert Outpost,
August 15, 188—.

Sir,—I have the honor to inform you that at noon this day three natives of the force of Friendlies under my command, whom I had sent forward into the desert for information, have returned after three days' absence. They report having been surprised and captured by the head sheik, Ab-del-Hamen, who, after detaining them until his plans were completed, cut off their right hands and sent them back to our camp. They further report that the sheik has been made aware of this outpost, and that a force variously estimated by them at from 15,000 to 20,000 men have been surrounding the camp. The passes leading from this side of the desert through the mountains have been already secured by the sheik, and we are now completely environed. The forces under my command are two companies, one of the Cornish and the other of the Highland Regiments, and a small force of the Friendlies, the whole number of fighting men (exclusive of sick) at my disposal being 200 men. I would respectfully request that reinforcements be sent at once. The sheik has sent me word by the above-mentioned Friendlies that he intends to attack to-night, and that he will give no quarter. I respectfully recommend Lance-corporal Percival and Private Angus MacGreagh, the bearers of these despatches, for promotion.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your obedient Servant,

THOMAS CRACKENTHORP,
H.M. Cornish Regiment, L.I.
Captain Commanding Zareba No. 1.

"Copy that, Lieutenant Farquhar, and select the two best horses we have. Have them got ready at once and brought here. I will send for you shortly."

Lieutenant Farquhar saluted and withdrew.

"Farewell in this world, Aline, my beloved," moaned poor Tom Crackenthorp when he was alone, as he pressed the withered moss-rose she had given to his lips. "Farewell, dear; I will still try and be what dear old Trefusis called me, the good genius of the house of Trefusis. I can do but little, but what I can I will. It is hard to loose you, dear one; may your life be happy and unclouded! If a spirit may watch over its loved ones on earth, mine shall over you."

After lovingly collecting all her letters to him, he placed them in a tunic, and sat down to write to her and her uncle.

In simple, soldierly language he told them of the disposal of his property that he had made in their favor, of the attack to be shortly made in overwhelming force by the Arabs, and of the impossibility of his surviving.

For some moments after his letters were completed, Tom Crackenthorp sat lost in thought, as his mind ran swiftly back over the past; how, with every kind and good wish, old Trefusis had so often for him; of his betrothed, of old friends and comrades he should never see more, of the happy life he had pictured himself spending with Aline at Bagot Hall, of possible children—how all his hopes were now shattered, nothing left but the knowledge of an imminent violent death.

The tramp of the horses at the tent door made him start from his reverie, and he was once more the cool collected commander.

"Orderly, send Lance-corporal Percival here at once."

"Come into the tent, Corporal Percival," he said, as he led the way in and sat down, while the soldier stood at attention facing him.

"Do you remember the second cataract on the Nile, and when our whale-boat was upset how you saved my life?" said Tom kindly to the soldier, a bronzed, stalwart young Englishman.

"Oh, sir, that is what any of our men would have been glad to do. I thought myself a very lucky fellow for having been able to do so," said Corporal Percival, in a tone of surprise.

"I am sure," he continued, "when I had that touch of sunstroke afterwards, and was queer in my head, no one could have come and seen after me more tenderly or kindly than you, sir. It is I who am your debtor. I hope you won't think any more of that, Captain."

"Never mind talking of that, our time is short. I learnt your secret then—Robert Trefusis!"

The corporal started, while the hot flush mounted to his brow as he looked at his captain with eager, anxious eyes.

"Yes, Captain," he said after a pause, as he bowed his head, "I am Robert Trefusis."

"I have watched you narrowly," said Tom. "I know you ought to be a good and brave soldier; yes, Bob, dear fellow—for I know you, though you do not know me—we are alone, and I can call you Bob, for death levels all distinctions, and in a few hours my bones will be bleaching in the wilderness with those of my brave fellows round me—I know all your history. Your father is my dear friend. Now, listen. I loved—I love Aline with all my heart; she was my betrothed; she loved me. But she loves you, Bob, too. I will give you all I can. Take these despatches, cut your way through the Arabs, go to England, marry Aline, cheer up your father's old age—for I promised him, Bob, that if I ever saw you, and it lay in my power, I would send you to him."

"Oh, Crackenthorp!" said Bob, throwing himself on his knees before his captain and grasping the kindly hand held out to him, while the tears rained down his cheeks, "what can I say—what can I do? I cannot leave you. I must die fighting by your side. You are so kind, so good, and—it is not right not to tell you—I have a wife, an actress, alive," said Bob, telling him his secret, as Aline had told him her poor little secret of her girlish love for her cousin; "let me stay and try and save you for Aline."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SOLOMON, in all his glory, was not arrayed like the young man of fashion this summer. From his russet-colored shoes to his striped cap, the dude of the moment is a poly chromatic apparition. It is his wish, however, which causes him the keenest pleasure and makes the most striking impression upon an admiring world. Not since the days when bedizened courtiers gloried in silks, satins and laces, has the sterner sex indulged in any garment so dazzling as the brilliant sash now wrapped about the waist of many a spoiled darling of the day.

THE "nickel in-the-slot" idea has been applied in England to electric lamps intended for use in omnibuses, street cars and railway cars. You put a penny in the slot of such a lamp, press a knob and out streams the light. By clock-work machinery at the end of half an hour the light is extinguished and can be ignited again only with a penny taper.

Scientific and Useful.

STEEL BOATS.—Machinery has been patented for the purpose of making ship-boats from a single piece of steel. They will be of various dimensions. It is obvious that there must be great economy in the mode of making boats in assorted sizes.

OLD COINS.—Inscriptions nearly obliterated by age and wear from old silver coins may be rendered visible by placing the coin upon a piece of red-hot iron—a poker will do—by which means the inscription is made to assume a greenish hue, whereby it becomes readable.

COKE AND STEAM.—A steam carriage in which coke is used as fuel has lately appeared in France. The driving is effected by two pind wheels, and the speed attained is about fifteen miles per hour, twenty-eight and three-quarter gallons of water being sufficient for a run of twenty-five miles.

WATCHES FOR THE BLIND.—The Swiss watchmakers have invented a watch for the blind. A small peg is set in the middle of each figure. When the hour hand is moving toward a given hour, the peg for that hour drops. The person finds the peg is down and then counts back to twelve.

FOR PULLEYS.—The best covering for pulleys is leather. Roughen the pulley with an old file, and use the best glue; weigh dry and add its weight of glycerine; make in the ordinary way. Glue the leather to the iron pulley and lap from two to three inches. Tough pasteboard does well while it lasts. Leather is the cheapest because of its durability.

ELECTRICAL CRANE.—The direct use of electricity as a labor-saving machine has been applied at the great steel-works of Cleveland, Ohio, where a large electro-magnet is used, suspended from a crane, to pick up steel bars and billets. It will pick up eight-hundred-pound billets and drop them where wanted by the touch of a key, the movement of the crane being done by steam.

PAPER GLASS.—The new translucent substance intended as a substitute for glass has been satisfactorily adopted in some of the public buildings in London, and various advantages are claimed for it, among these being such a degree of pliancy that it may be bent backward and forward like leather and be subjected to very considerable tensile strain with impunity; it is also almost as translucent as glass, and of a pleasing amber color, varying in shade from very light golden to pale brown. The basis of the material is a web of fine iron wire, with warp and weft threads about one twelfth inch apart, this being enclosed, like a fly in amber, in a sheet of translucent varnish, of which the base is linseed oil.

Farm and Garden.

OF SERVICE.—Night soil can be made serviceable, and is valuable. The best mode of rendering it odorless and easily removable is to use plenty of dry dirt and land plaster as an absorbent, throwing a small quantity in the earth closet daily.

CIDER AND VINEGAR.—In making cider for vinegar is is a mistake to use the partially rotten or inferior apples for that purpose. Good vinegar can only be made from ripe and sound apples, and where it is difficult to ship apples to market it will pay to convert them into vinegar.

SUNFLOWERS.—Sunflower seeds have been known for years, by those who have used this article aright, as a most excellent thing to mix with poultry feed. The properties of this seed are peculiar, and a small quantity fed at the proper time will essentially aid in imparting beauty to the plumage.

THE HARNESS.—Good boxes should be provided for the harness. The pins behind each stall for hanging the harness upon should go. It need cost but little to make good boxes in which all the trappings can be easily kept, and the saving to the harness will more than pay for the trouble and expense.

GOOD AND BAD.—A certain experimenter put five cows in the hands of a poor milker for two weeks, and then gave them to a good milker for the same time, neither milker knowing that a comparison was being made, and got 2215 pounds (44.9 pounds per cow) gain in quantity of milk by the change.

LIME.—When lime is freshly made (by burning limestone or oyster shells) it is in a very caustic state and easily combines with water, the water crystallizing and forming a hydrate of lime. It is in this condition—the hydrate—when it should be applied to soils, as its affinity for carbonic acid causes many reactions to occur in the soil, the result being the formation of substances that can be rendered soluble in water.

PASTURES.—Old pastures that are overrun with weeds can be best utilized for sheep, as they will eat off the young weeds and keep them down. Many weeds are valuable, so far as their use for food is concerned, but are undesirable in place of regular saleable crops. They can be utilized when young by pasturing sheep upon them, and if weeds are not allowed to seed the grass will again take possession of the field.

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Of the Truth.

The law of veracity, or of truth, requires that when we make an assertion respecting any fact we convey to another person precisely the idea which exists in our own minds; in other words, that we state the fact just as we believe it to have existed.

The law of veracity forbids, therefore, the utterance as truths of what we know to be false. This is always the case when we speak under any circumstances with the intention to deceive.

It forbids uttering as truth what we do not know to be true. When we utter anything as truth which we do not know to be true, we do not convey to another the impression which exists in our mind; that is, we speak falsely.

It is a foolish subterfuge to say, we did not know but what it was true. If this was all we knew about it, we should have said so, and not convey to another exactly the contrary impression.

But, it will be said, are we never to utter anything but what we know to be true; are we never to give an opinion? Doubtless, we may; but then it must be given as an opinion and not as the truth.

It likewise forbids uttering what may be true, but uttering it in such a manner, or under such circumstances, as shall convey a false impression to others.

We may do this in several ways; as, for instance, by exaggerating some of the circumstances; by extenuating some of the circumstance; by exaggerating some of the circumstances and extenuating others; or by stating the facts as they existed, but combining them in such a manner as to leave a false impression upon the hearer.

As the crime of falsehood consists in making, intentionally, a false impression upon another, we may incur as much guilt by the tones of the voice, look of the eye, a motion of the head, or a gesture of the body, as by words.

This law applies to our intercourse with men under all the relations of life.

It forbids parents to lie to children, and children to lie to parents; instructors to pupils, and pupils to instructors; the old to the young, and the young to each other; buyers to sellers, and sellers to buyers; politicians to their own party, and to the opposite party; in a word, the obligation is universal, and cannot be set aside by any, either of the natural or artificial relations in which men may stand to each other.

It is no excuse for falsehood to say that the person to whom we are speaking has no right to know the truth. This is a reason why we should not tell the truth, but it is no reason why we should tell a falsehood.

If a man has no just claim upon us, this is a reason we should not pay his demand, it is no reason at all why we should cheat him.

The importance of cultivating a strict regard for truth is absolutely incalculable. Hence the evil of speaking falsely in jest, or of exaggerating the facts of a story for the sake of amusement or effect.

He who allows himself to lie in jest, will soon find himself lying in earnest, and will in the end probably become an habitual liar.

Let everyone, therefore, in the most trivial cases, observe the most strict and scrupulous veracity, and he will find that by the cultivation of no one virtue will he gain more moral power over himself, or gain more control over the actions of others.

If such be the fact, we see how wicked it must be to teach others to lie.

This is sometimes done by parents and nurses, who tell stories to frighten children, for the sake of accomplishing some momentary purpose.

It is also done by those who direct their children or servants to tell their visitors that they are not at home, when they are at home, but do not wish to be interrupted.

The case is the same when merchants direct their clerks to assure a customer that their goods were bought for one price, when they were bought for another.

How can such persons answer to God for the ruin which they are preparing for those committed to their charge. And how can they expect that the truth will be told to them by those whom they have deliberately taught to lie?

Perseverance is certainly one of the most essential factors in all success. Without it, great gifts, splendid talents, fine opportunities are often thrown away; while with it, very moderate abilities with small advantages may rise to eminence. Yet there is another power of the human mind, seeming perhaps to be the opposite of perseverance, which is scarcely less needed in all the affairs of life—viz., the ability to stop at the right time, to change the current of thought and action, to pause when enough has been said or done. Many persons, fully aware of the value of perseverance, are disposed to undervalue the latter power. They think that to stop is a natural inclination to be guarded against, while to keep on is a difficult duty, needing long and patient discipline in youth and self-restraint in manhood. Yet both are really the products of self control, and instead of being antagonistic qualities, they go side by side everywhere in the lines of the best success.

One of the chief roots from which sympathy springs is a power of imagination. We may know something about ourselves; but we are left to imagine whatever we can about other people. Now, if any one were utterly destitute of imagination, he would likewise be utterly destitute of sympathy. He could form no idea of the condition of others, their thoughts or feelings, temptations or needs, sorrows or joys. How could he feel with them or for them if he could form no picture in his mind of what they felt? Happily no one is left in so forlorn a state.

Each one has some talent, some preference. Let him work in that line, if possible; but, while he cultivates himself in that, let him at the same time keep such a hold on the other phases of life as shall round and make symmetrical his nature. Life is so complex that we are not making the most of ourselves by working exclusively in one line.

Life is one grand continuous opportunity from infancy to our latest day. The conscientious, the resolute, the industrious and the thrifty turn each hour into golden treasures; the listless, the stolid, the lazy, the sensual, allow their teeming mines to lie idle at their feet, with countless treasures unknown, unappreciated, undeveloped.

Praise, to mean anything at all, must be spontaneous and prompted by real approval of character or admiration of excellence; otherwise it is as futile as a bubble that floats a moment in the air and is gone for ever.

A just balance between play and work may be struck for the individual by noting what duration of mental exercise can be borne without the signs of fatigue following. Recreation of the athletic kind is most useful in turning the brain overpressed with thoughts to other modes of action, and preventing it from continuously acting in mental modes producing a cloud of uncontrollable thoughts, to be followed by troubled sleep and dreams. Habits of bodily activity, properly regulated, are often the best cure for sickly states of mind.

Self praise is no test of self approval—indeed those who are the most insistent in their own commendation are frequently the least confident of its justice. Often it is the very consciousness of inferiority which makes people thus struggle to prevent others from depreciating them. He who is pure in desire, noble in character, rich in good deeds, has no need to proclaim it. He is content to wait till others find it out, and will not be much cast down or disturbed in mind if they never do.

Directly a man throws the blame of his shortcomings upon nature, or circumstances, or other people, he weakens his own power of action. Part of his failures may have been due to such causes; but it is just that part which to dwell upon does no good and only unfits him to discover the other part which is vital to all future improvement. Not what might have been under other surroundings or influences, but what can be under the existing ones, is the subject which should absorb him.

It is not usually those who are in the direst poverty that are the most inveterate borrowers. It is much more frequently those who allow their desires for superfluities to outrun their ability to obtain them that resort to this dangerous and insidious practice. All such desires grow by what they feed on, and become more and more exacting; while the strict rectitude which cannot brook the long continuance of a debt is gradually impaired.

Reason is the eye of the soul, and sees for it; and it is more employed in faith than it is in the judgment of facts. It deals with exalted theories. It is as if natural reason were a justice of the peace, that deals with the ten thousand petty squabbles that belong to a neighborhood, and settles them.

Let us not be too prodigal when we are young or too parsimonious when we are old; otherwise we shall fall into the common error of those who, when they had the power to enjoy, had not the prudence to acquire, and when they had the prudence to acquire, had no longer the power to enjoy.

They are the strong ones of the earth, the mighty food for good or evil—those who know how to keep silence when it is a pain and a grief to them; those who give time to their own souls to wax strong against temptation, or to the powers of wrath to stamp upon them their withering passage.

To be worth anything, character must be capable of standing firmly upon its feet in the world of daily work, temptation and trial, and able to bear the wear and tear of actual life. Cloistered virtues do not count for much.

If any one tells you that such a person speaks ill of you, do not make excuse about what is said of you, but answer: "He was ignorant of my other faults, else he would not have mentioned these alone."

Many new years you may see, but happy ones you cannot see without deserving them. These virtue, honor and knowledge alone can merit, alone can produce.

Reason is the eye for the whole inward man. It sees for conscience; it sees for love; it sees for hope; it sees for personal affection; it sees for every emotion.

Only by slow and painful degrees can we fight our way upward and break loose from the clinging hold of self-love.

Sleep is Death's youngest brother, and so like him that I never dare trust him without my prayers.

Poverty wants some, luxury many, and avarice all things.

The World's Happenings.

A dispute over the payment of 23 cents has led to a lawsuit in Pittsburg.

They are trying to transplant Connecticut oysters on the coast of Sweden.

A man attempted to drown himself in a watering cart in New York recently.

Edison is just now trying to perfect a plan for taking your picture by wire.

The bakers of Bloomington, Ill., are cutting rates, and bread has gone down to 2 cents a loaf.

A young man of 21 was struck in the temple by a cricket ball in Essex, England, and killed.

Every German regiment now has a chiropodist. A soldier's foot is as important as his trigger finger.

The total length of the submarine cables at present in use is given by an Austrian paper as 113,081 miles.

The descendants of Rebecca Nourse, who was hanged as a witch in 1692, had a reunion in Danvers, Mass., recently.

The "Heavenly Foot Society" has been started in China by the women in rebellion against the pinched-foot idea.

Clarence Davis, of Bordentown, N. J., while whittling a broom handle, found a plain gold ring imbedded in the wood.

The return of land grants made in Western Australia shows that one man owns and controls nearly 4,000,000 acres.

An Eastern man, who buried his second wife a few months ago, has just married his first wife, from whom he was divorced in 1870.

An Elizabeth, N. J., man, being pursued by the police, leaped from the third story of his home to the ground and ran off. He wasn't injured.

In the stomach of a cow which died in Sussex county, N. J., were found a number of stones the size of large walnuts, and a cast-iron bed-roller.

The wife of the Rev. George Lentz of Mamlin, Lebanon county, Pa., died from the effects of a scratch given her upon the knuckle by a pet kitten which she was fondling.

Georgia has the largest watermelon patch in the world. It is owned by a company, and contains 800 acres. The company will ship about 400 cars, at a profit, it is claimed, of $150 a car.

There is a cradle in New York that has rocked over 10,000 babies. It began to rock 19 years ago, when the Sisters of Charity started a little foundling hospital on Twelfth street, New York, with $5 in the treasury.

Brownstown, Ind., has a baby a month old that weighs only one pound. "An ordinary finger ring will pass over its hand, while a pint cup will cover its head, body and limbs." The parents are of average size and in good health.

A "Jack the Intruder" bothers Chicagoans. He gains admittance to yards after dark, and knocking at the door tells whoever answers to "hush, be quick and let me in," and then jumps the fence and disappears. He is supposed to be a monomaniac.

Thomas H. Berry, a Chester Councilman, was recently robbed of a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses by a man who borrowed them to write a letter to his mother. He had previously borrowed the paper, envelope, pen and ink and stamp from Mr. Berry.

One Williams, of Jackson county, Ga., dreamed thrice of finding gold under a certain rock in Athens, Ga. He afterwards found the rock, but he must get the permission of the city authorities to dig under it. Up to last accounts the permission had not been granted.

New York has a pension law for its militia. It is two years old, but the first awards under it have just been approved by the Governor. The highest award is $72 per month, given to a militiaman who lost both arms and an eye by an accident while on duty under State orders.

A Wheeling merchant recently received ten cents by mail from a man in Montana, who said that he had owed him that sum for 14 years. The merchant had forgotten the transaction, and it was only by going over his books that he remembered the man as one of his former customers.

The ground under an elm tree on Jackson street, Brazil, Ind., was covered with the dead bodies of English sparrows on a recent morning. These birds had been in the habit of congregating in this tree, and it is supposed that they were all killed by lightning, as their bodies were entirely stripped of feathers.

A congregation out in Nebraska so esteemed their Pastor that they picked out a wife for him "to save him that trouble." He, however, had partly engaged another life partner, and when this became known to his flock they became greatly incensed, and some of them wanted him dismissed at once. He resigned.

At one factory in the United States there are manufactured between two and three tons of postal cards a day all the year round. The largest order ever filled for one city was 4,000,000 cards, or about twelve tons of paper, for New York. There are 450,000,000 postal cards manufactured annually, and their use is increasing daily.

Policeman James Kane, of Brooklyn, told a reporter on a recent Thursday, according to a New York paper, that he had a presentiment that he would die, and asked him to be sure and write a good obituary notice. On the following Sunday Kane dropped dead from apoplexy. The clock in the station house from which he used to time the men at their post stopped the minute he died.

The station agent at Bloomsbury, N. J., on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, recently intercepted a Hungarian who was on his way to Scranton. On being questioned, the man produced a ticket good from Jersey City to his destination. He had marched the entire distance from New York, and told the agent he supposed the ticket only allowed him to walk over the road. He was put on a train to Scranton.

HALF-HEARTED.

BY MACMILLAN.

If I could love thee, Love, a little more,
If thy fair love outlived the brief sweet rose—
If in my golden field were all thy store,
And all my joy within thy garden close—
Then would I pray my heart to be full fond
Forever, and a little oft beyond.

But since I fear I am but wayward true,
And wayward false, fair love, thou seem'st to be—
Since I some day must sigh for something new,
And each day thou for Life's monotony—
Prithee, stay here ere yet we grow too fond,
And let me pass a little bit beyond.

Pansie.

BY B. B.

"WELL, Pansie, all I can say is that I'm awfully sorry," said Mr. Lancelot Selfe, a young man clad in flannels, who was sprawling at full length on the turf by the side of the tennis-ground of an old Sussex manor-house, one calm evening in late August.

"Awfully sorry about what?" asked Pansie Wyman—nineteen, brown-haired, and brown-eyed—who was seated on a camp-stool close by the young man.

"Why, that we've had our last game of tennis for goodness knows how long; that you're going away; and that I've got to be buried alive in this dull, little, out-of-the-way place with those two old gals."

"Those two old gals! Hush, Lancy! You ought to be ashamed of yourself for speaking of the two dear old aunties in that disrespectful way," said Pansie.

"Well, of course I'm very fond of them, and all that, especially as they are my only relations in the world, and are so kind to you, but it's rather hard lines for a fellow to be condemned to exchange the society of one with whom he—with whom he ——"

"Well, with whom he what?"

"With whom he has fallen head over heels in love," said Mr. Lancelot.

"Well, I declare!" exclaimed Pansie in mock astonishment. "And who asked you to fall in love?"

"Who asked me? Nobody. Who made me? Why, you," replied the young man. "I'm clean bowled, and that's the long and short of it; and now, just as we are beginning to understand each other, you have to go back to Athena House."

"But surely you wouldn't have me turned out into the world a half-educated, gawky, bread and butter miss, would you?" asked Pansie.

"Well," replied the young man. "If you're half educated, gawky, bread and butterish, all I can say is, education be hanged!"

Mr. Lancelot Selfe was a young barrister, who had been invited by his aunts and sole relatives, the Misses Julia and Aurelia Penless, to spend the long vacation with them at their Sussex manor-house.

Pansie Wyman was an American, and had been sent to England to finish her education at Miss Sage's famous school, Athena House, Sussex Square, Brighton, by her father, a retired Colonel, who now occupied a responsible position on one of the lines of railroad which run through the gold and silver districts of Colorado and Nevada.

The Miss Penless were distant relatives of the Colonel, and under their care he had placed Pansie, his only child, the result being that the young lady, being of a lively and intelligent disposition, as well as an exceedingly pretty girl, had captivated the young Englishman, and had learned to reciprocate his feelings towards her in a way which was very apparent to the two maiden aunts.

"Time we went in to dinner," said Lancelot, after a pause. "The aunts will be working themselves up into a frenzy."

So the pair sauntered slowly up through the pleasant gardens, until they came in sight of the three-gabled, red-brick house known as Furnace Court—a name which recalled the ancient iron industry of Sussex—at the door of which could be discerned the figures of two elderly ladies.

"There they are," said Lancelot. "Pansie, prepare to bow your head to the storm. I say, Pansie, why is your father so down on Englishmen?"

"Oh, I don't know," replied the girl. "He's a prejudiced warrior of the old Union school, and can't forget the part your people took in the civil war."

"Then I wonder he sends his daughters to be educated amongst us," said Lancelot.

"Well, I've wondered at that too," said Pansie. "But I believe there's more bark than bite in him, and all the time that he pretends to hate Britain and Britishers he admires them."

"And I suppose if I were to ask you to be my wife, he'd——"

"Lan—ce—lot!"

"Pan—sie! Well?"

The girl became absorbed in the study of her own feet; but Lancelot could see the color mounting to her face. So he continued:

"I suppose you wouldn't have me if I were to ask you?"

But before Pansie chose to reply they were at the house, from the porch of which Miss Aurelia Penless was glaring at them through a pair of black spectacles.

"Mind what I say, you young people," was the greeting of the maiden aunt. "One of these fine evenings you will catch your deaths of cold. You go and make yourselves hot over that stupid tennis, and you come sauntering back in the chilly air in defiance of all hygienic rules and regulations."

"Bless your heart, aunt!" said Lancelot, "we've finished playing a long time."

"Then why didn't you come straight home?" retorted Miss Aurelia. "Pansie, if I send you back to Athena House with a cold, I shall have such a letter from Miss Sage to begin with, and such a doctor's bill to end with, that I should never forgive myself."

"Don't you fret yourself, auntie!" exclaimed Pansie, throwing her arms round Miss Aurelia's neck and kissing her, her favorite method of getting everything her own way at Furnace Court.

"Where's Aunt Julia?"

"She's dressing for dinner, and as it wants but ten minutes to seven, you had best go and do likewise," replied the mollified Miss Aurelia.

That evening after dinner when, according to custom, the little party separated into two groups, the elder and the younger, there were two very serious conversations held.

The conclusion at which the aunts arrived over the bezique table was that matters between Pansie and Lancelot had gone far enough; and that it was the most fortunate thing in the world that Pansie was going back to Athena House the next day.

Up to this vacation, the notion that Pansie would captivate any man had never disturbed the peace of mind of the Misses Penless, for she had returned from the last term but one, a lanky, unattractive, awkward school-girl; but when she came home for the midsummer holidays, after a long term of nearly four months, they were astonished to see what an alteration for the better time had wrought in her, and would certainly have hesitated before inviting a young man like Lancelot Selfe to spend his vacation with them, could they have foreseen it.

Not that there was anything objectionable in a match between the young English barrister of good means and the pretty American girl, from an ordinary point of view; but that they were under the strictest injunctions from the other side of the Atlantic to keep a strict watch on Pansie, and they had sufficient reasons for keeping on friendly terms with Colonel Wyman.

The conclusion at which the young couple arrived behind the shelter of the piano, was that they were destined for each other, and that neither could conveniently exist without the other; that school was a tyrannous institution for a girl of nineteen; that maiden aunts, however kind and useful in other ways, were rather troublesome when a courtship was in progress; and that it was almost criminal to yield to the unreasonable prejudice of parents.

The evening post delivery was an important event at Furnace Court, and it would have almost amounted to a sacrilege for any one to propose an adjournment to bed, before the hour of its arrival, which was usually as the clocks were striking ten.

The budget upon this evening was small, but important, comprising two American letters, one for Miss Aurelia Penless, the other for Pansie.

Pansie opened hers and read comfortably enough until she came to a paragraph which made the color fly from her cheeks, and which was as follows:

"And now, my dear girl, as I calculate this ought to reach you just about the time when you will be returning to school after the midsummer vacation, let me exhort you to make the most of the few weeks before you, as it is my intention to remove you from school at Christmas, in order that you may return to America. I shall look forward to seeing a finished, accomplished young lady; and there is some one else here who is anticipating your arrival quite as anxiously as I am. Of course I mean Mr. Jem Forrest. I see no reasons whatever why, with the extraordinary advantages you have enjoyed, you should not be ready to take your place at once in the distinguished society of which Mr. Forrest is so prominent a member."

"In other words," commented Pansie, after she had read out this paragraph to Lancelot, "I am to go home at Christmas to be married to a man of my father's choice, and of whom I know next to nothing."

"But who is this Mr. Jem Forrest?" asked Lancelot.

"Nobody seems to know exactly who he is," replied Pansie. "He lives in good style, and goes into good society, and I seem to remember having heard his name associated with silver mines. But really, Lancy, I know as little about him as you do."

"Is your father under any obligation to him?" asked the young man.

"None that I know of," answered Pansie.

"What sort of a looking fellow is he?" asked Lancelot.

"Well, of course, he's ever so much older than you are," replied the girl. "But there is such a strong resemblance between you, that in an uncertain light or at a distance, a stranger, or indeed any one who did not know you as well I do, might mistake one for the other."

"Really? Or are you only chaffing?" said her lover.

"Really," said Pansie. "So that at any rate it will be a faint consolation to you to know that I shall have a decent-looking man for a husband."

"Nay, now you're chaffing, and the matter is far too serious to be laughed about. Tell me, Pansie, what shall you do?"

"I leave it in your hands, Lancy," replied the girl. "Of one thing you may be sure, that I love and you alone, and that whatever happens, no other man shall be my husband."

"Thank you for that speech, my darling," said the young man, seizing the girl's hand and kissing it, a proceeding which, being observed by Miss Julia, brought about an immediate dispersal of the party to their several bedrooms.

Pansie returned to Athena House, Sussex Square, Brighton, in due course the next day.

She went off sadly, and in disgrace; sadly, because she knew not when she should see Lancelot again; in disgrace, because, in the presence of her aunts and the entire household of Furnace Court assembled to bid her good-bye, she had been the willing and unblushing recipient of a sounding kiss from the young gentleman.

But her reception at Athena House partially atoned for what she had undergone. There she was the acknowledged sovereign of some thirty young ladies, who looked up to her as the arbiter of fashion, as the leader of all fun and amusement, as the referee in all disputed matters, and as the handsomest and cleverest girl in the school.

Moreover, strange to say, she had not a rival, much less an enemy, amongst them; for, despotic as she was, her despotism was of so gentle and winning a nature, that whilst everybody admired, nobody was jealous of her.

She was popular, too, with the rigid Miss Sage, and her teachers, who only complained that she was clever enough to afford to be idle.

But everyone remarked a great change in Pansie when she returned from the midsummer holidays. She seemed to have lost the high spirits and the irrepressible fun which had so helped to make her popular.

The thousand and one little matters which formerly interested and amused her, seemed now to have no charm for her; she was silent and depressed. More than once she was discovered in tears; and Miss Sage herself remarked that her favorite pupil seemed to be more indifferent about success, and less brilliant than before.

At first a great many solutions were offered. Pansie was taking to heart her approaching departure from a country in which she had made so many friends, and which she had learned to regard almost as her own.

She had received bad news from America; she had quarrelled with the two maiden aunts of whom everybody had heard, and whose peculiarities she exhibited with such exquisite mimicry.

But when it was noticed that she wrote a great many letters which she posted surreptitiously, instead of consigning them to the common receptacle of Athena House correspondence, suspended to Miss Sage's desk, the real reason for her changed demeanor was patent, and it was whispered about that Pansie Wyman was in love.

The next thing to be found out was the object of her affection. She was eagerly watched as the school took its constitutional along the Marine Parade; but there was no Adonis who seemed to gaze after her in particular, although there were plenty of young bucks who made a daily duty of inspecting Athena House as it proceeded demurely along as far as the Aquarium and back.

Young ladies are keen logicians when they have a symptom or two given them by way of premisses, so it was concluded that Pansie had fallen in love during the holidays, that she had thereby incurred the wrath of her aunts, and that her low spirits arose from these circumstances.

The interest which this occasioned in the little world of Athena House may be imagined, but there was no surprise.

The only wonder was that a pretty, clever, accomplished, vivacious girl like Pansie Wyman should have so long remained scatheless, and, as she was still imitated in spite of her altered demeanor, a regular epidemic of love set in, and there was not a girl at Athena House with the smallest pretensions to good looks, who did not become melancholy, who did not take to reading poetry, and who did not profess admiration for one or other of the aforesaid young Marine Parade loungers.

Miss Sage of course knew nothing of this. Never having captivated a masculine heart herself, she was not versed in the ailments of those who had, or who pretended to have, and she attributed the alteration in Pansie Wyman's manner to grief at approaching departure from England in general, and Athena House in particular.

But an accident very soon opened her eyes to the real state of affairs.

Several petty larcenies had taken place in the school of late. Many of the girls complained that they missed little articles from their desk and boxes.

Suspicion was at first pointed at a certain liveried youth who opened the door, waited at table, and performed sundry menial offices in the regions below, and who was known by the name he called himself, William.

But one morning, Miss Sage, descending to the schoolroom, met Susan, the housemaid, hurrying along the passage with a highly-colored face suggestive of confusion, and her hand concealed under her apron.

"Susan," said Miss Sage, "what have you been doing?"

"Please, 'm, I hanswered the post, that's all," replied the damsel, with still heightening color.

"It isn't your place to answer the post," said her mistress. "William does that. What have you got under your apron?"

"Only a letter, 'm," replied Susan.

"Let me see it," said Miss Sage.

The girl hesitated, and her hand fumbled uneasily in its hiding-place.

"Come, come, show it to me," continued the mistress, her suspicions now fully aroused.

So Susan, seeing that further resistance was useless, handed to Miss Sage a letter addressed, in a big, bold, masculine hand, to Miss Wyman.

"What business have you with Miss Wyman's letter?" asked Miss Sage.

The girl looked sheepishly at the floor-cloth, and made no reply.

Miss Sage examined the letter again. The postmark was "West Strand." The writing was certainly not that of either of Pansie's aunts, and she knew of no gentleman with whom the young lady was on terms of corresponding intimacy.

"I require an explanation at once, Susan, if you please," she continued, "or I shall be obliged to infer that you are acting dishonestly."

At that moment Pansie came hurrying up. When she saw the attitudes of Miss Sage and Susan, she divined the cause and looked confused.

"Miss Wyman," said the mistress, "Susan has been keeping a letter of yours."

"Oh, yes, yes," said Pansie, falteringly. "It's all right, I am expecting news from—from a friend of mine, and as William is so slow in delivering the letters, I asked Susan to be good enough to get mine at once, and bring them to me."

Miss Sage made no remark, but handed Pansie her letter with a look which suffi-

ciently expressed what she thought about the matter.

"She'll go and write to the aunts," thought Pansie, as she hurried away, "an' then——"

Miss Sage did write to Miss Aurelia, and by return of post received an answer detailing all the circumstances of Pansie's little love affair, with which we are familiar, and warning Miss Sage to keep a strict watch on the girl's movements.

The results were that Athena House, for the future, took its airings in the comparatively deserted direction of Rottingdean, and that Miss Sage took the letters from the postman herself.

She, however, said nothing more about the matter to Pansie, for she was sensible enough to argue that, so long as the girl did not set a bad example to younger companions by carrying on an open flirtation at school, it was no business of hers, if a young lady of a sensible age should carry on a love affair away from it.

But, one evening, a second accident made her aware that the love-making process was being carried on very much nearer her than she had imagined.

The half-dozen senior girls at Athena House occupied separate little partitions, instead of sleeping in a large room with others.

Every other one of these partitions had a window looking out into Sussex Square. One of these was tenanted by Pansie Wyman.

Miss Sage had wakeful nights, for, being a contributor to the 'Poet's Corner" of a local newspaper, her fits of inspiration seized her when released from the worry and turmoil of the schoolroom, and, especially when the moon shone over the sea, she would sit at her open window and meditate until long after Athena House was wrapped in sleep.

She was thus occupied a night or two after the discovery above recorded, when she heard voices—a male and a female—engaged in earnest conversation close by her, and the female voice was not to be mistaken for that of any one but Pansie Wyman.

Gently craning her neck out, she espied the figure of a man standing out in clear relief against the pavement below, his head upturned, and his words unmistakeably addressed to an inmate of Athena House.

Miss Sage saw all this at a glance, withdrew her night-capped head, and silently passed along the dormitory occupied by the senior girls.

Her surmise as to the owner of the feminine voice proved correct, and an animated conversation was being carried on between Miss Wyman and the cavalier on the pavement outside.

The method of dealing with such a serious breach of all orthodox laws of propiety and school discipline, of course, required consideration, so Miss Sage paused until the voices ceased and the window was shut, and then retired to consult with one of the other mistresses as to the course to be followed.

The next morning, when the girls assembled in the schoolroom for prayers, Miss Sage entered with that expression of countenance which, experience had taught the young ladies of Athena House, betokened a disturbed and irritated state of mind.

Instead of commencing the prayers in the usual style, Miss Sage stepped to the front of her desk and scanned the rows of faces before her, as if in search of some one. Then she said in a grave voice:

"Has not Miss Wyman descended from the dormitory yet?"

It being evident that she had not, Miss Sage rang the bell for Susan. William, the boy, answered it, and announced that Susan was not up.

Miss Sage's face darkened, and she said:

"Go and knock at Miss Wyman's door and acquaint her with the hour."

The boy disappeared, but reappeared shortly with a white, scared face, saying:

"Please, 'm, Miss wyman ain't in her room, and nobody don't know nothink about Susan."

Miss Sage rushed from the room, returned in ten minutes, and hurried through the prayers.

During breakfast it was whispered that Pansie Wyman and Susan had both left Athena House, and had taken their luggage with them.

On the verandah of the Burlington House Hotel, at the small Colorado station of Montrose, on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, about three weeks after the events above recorded, Lancelot Selfe and his pretty young wife, hitherto known as Pansie Wyman, were sitting very close to each other, and looking supremely happy.

"It's like a dream, Pansie," said Lancelot, after a pause in their talk, during which they gazed out into the west, where the sun was slowly sinking behind a bank of purple clouds.

"Three weeks ago you were Pansie Wyman, an obscure schoolgirl, in mortal fear of two old ladies, and now you're the wife of that distinguished young barrister, Lancelot Selfe, Esquire, Brick Court, Temple, free and independent as the wind, and ——"

"The happiest woman in the world," interposed the girl. "Although, mind, Lancy, not feeling as if I had quite shaken off all shackles of fear of those put in authority over me. Just fancy if Papa were to turn up! I don't know what I should do, Lancy."

"I only wish he would turn up," said her husband. "Why, that's what we've come here for—on purpose to meet the old fellow, and have it out with him. There's one thing, Pansie, whatever he may say and do, he can't turn you back again into Miss Pansie Wyman."

"Yes, it's all very well for you to treat it so lightly," said Pansie. "But you don't know papa. He's perfectly terrible when he's roused. I've seen him work himself into a frenzy over the mere mention of the Alabama; and if he knew that I'd run away from school to marry an Englishman, I can't think what he'd do."

"But, my dear girl, don't you think he knows it all by this time?" said Lancelot. "You trust the old aunts to write off immediately about it! And now look here, let's talk business, and make our plans. Your father inspects this part of the line, doesn't he? He goes once a week with the bullion train to Frisco, and the cars are generally loaded up here. Very well. This is his day. I want to see him. Get him on to talk about you without letting him know who I am, and gradually bring him up to the climax."

"If he has his six-shooter about him, I believe he'd shoot you," said Pansie.

"Not he!" said Lancelot. "Men don't shoot sons-in-laws as if they were jack-rabbits."

"Well, I'm all of a tremble when I think of it," said Pansie, nestling still closer to her husband.

"I'm not," said Lancelot. "Why should we be? I'm respectable; I'm not a pauper; and the only crimes that can be brought to my charge are, that I'm an Englishman, that I've torn a bird from the protecting wings of its aunts and school-mistresses, and that I've done another fellow out of his intended bride."

"Well, dear, of course you know best," said the girl. "At the same time I'm in a terrible fright about it, and if anything was to happen to you on account of me—why, Lancy! Look! Look! There he is! There—walking towards the depot."

The young man looked in the direction indicated by Pansie and saw a tall, military-looking man, enveloped in a long cloak, and wearing the chimney-pot hat, so dear to the American citizen under all circumstances and at all times and places, who was sauntering slowly along in the direction of the railway station, puffing vigorously at a big cigar.

"Dear me!" said Lancelot, calmly. "That is a piece of good luck only to have arrived here three hours, and to tumble upon the very man we want to see. I must go and make his acquaintance."

"But you won't say anything yet, will you, Lancy?" urged the trembling girl. "You won't let him know who you are, or that I am here?"

"No fear!" replied her husband. "Keep yourself quite easy. Your father and I will be the best friends in the world in a short time."

So saying he went off after the Colonel, followed him into the station, which was a scene of bustle and confusion, as large quantities of metal had arrived from the smelting works at Ouray, South Fork, Antelope Spring, Barnum, and other mining districts, to be transported to San Francisco; watched him saunter about in a leisurely and dignified way for some time, and finally turn into the Depot Saloon.

Here he joined the Colonel, and over a drink got into conversation with him.

"A Britisher, sir?" said the Colonel at length, after a survey of Lancelot's person from head to foot. Lancelot admitted the soft impeachment.

"Travelling around for pleasure?" continued the Colonel.

"Yes," replied Lancelot. "And I've never been so surprised and delighted in all my life."

This evidently produced a favorable impression, as the Colonel drew himself up, looked as if he personally had a considerable share in producing these gratifying sensations, and said:

"No, of course not. If one of the builders of the Great Pyramid could be suddenly land in our country, I reckon his eyes would open some, and it must be pretty much the same sort of feeling to you folks from the other side of the herring pond."

"Oh, I don't know about that," said Lancelot, smiling. "We're not quite so behind-hand as all that I hope."

"Behind-hand—no; obstinate—yes," said the Colonel. "That was a real, mean attitude you kept up towards the North in the Civil War."

Lancelot knew better than to engage the prejudiced Colonel in a political argument, so he merely said:

"Ever been to England, sir?"

"No, sir, and I don't reckon I ever shall," replied the Colonel. "I like you, sir; yes, I like you, but—— I'm a frank man; there ain't a franker man in the States, but I don't care about your country, sir and yet I've a daughter who is finishing her education at one of your schools."

"Evidently hasn't heard the news," thought Lancelot, and said:

"Indeed. May I ask whereabout?"

"At Brighton, sir, in Sussex. Athena House, Sussex Square, that's the locality," replied the Colonel.

"Then you must have a little respect for us," said Lancelot, "to send your daughter so far to be educated."

"Respect—yes, sir; affection—no, sir!" replied the Colonel. "What's your lotion, sir?"

"Well, what you've got looks so good, I can't do better than have the same," replied Lancelot.

So the bar-tender mixed Lancelot a julep, and the conversation was renewed.

"Married man, sir?" asked the Colonel.

Lancelot nodded.

"Wife with you?"

Lancelot replied in the affirmative.

"Going on with us to night?"

"Why, I thought this was only a bullion train."

"So it is, but we attach a car for any passengers that happen to be knocking around. It's a good train, for it don't stop between here and Salt Lake City."

"At what time do you start?"

"Four-thirty sharp; awkward time for ladies, but it's worth it."

"But isn't it sometimes rather risky to travel by these trains. I mean aren't they sometimes stopped and robbed?"

The Colonel burst into a guffaw of laughter which almost choked him and necessitated a fresh supply of julep.

"Well, sir, I smile," he replied at length. "Because under ordinary circumstances that might be. But I reckon since I've been on the inspecting job, the 'boys' have kept quiet. They seem to be sorter afraid of me. Why sir, we don't even take a convoy now with the bullion train, and I remember when we'd as soon have thought of starting without a locomotive as without a score of soldiers armed with Winchesters."

"Well, I must of course consult my wife," said Lancelot. "We were travelling all yesterday, and she may want a night's rest. Does your daughter like school, sir?"

"Yes, she does, and I reckon school's making her more British than American; but she's coming home for good at Christmas, and I guess she'll have to be fixed with a husband," replied the Colonel.

"Perhaps she's fallen in love already in England," said Lancelot, laughing.

"Not she, sir! not she!" said the Colonel. "She knows better than to do that, sir. Besides, before she went away a year ago, she knew there was a spry young chap knocking around her, and she's as good as promised to him. Strange thing, too, you ain't at all unlike Jem Forrest—that's the gentleman's name. You're a bit bigger made, that's all. Fine girl, sir, she is from all accounts I hear. Here's to her, and if you reckon you'll start by the four-thirty, you'd best be seeing the lady; tell her there ain't any fear of robbers when Colonel Wyman's on board the cars, and get her to sleep. I turn in on board very soon so that I shan't see you until to-morrow. Good night, sir."

"Good night," replied Lancelot, and he was about to return to the hotel, when a negro placed a bundle of letters in the Colonel's hand, and Lancelot, urged by some instinct, paused under pretence of lighting a fresh cigar.

The Colonel turned the letters over until he came to one bearing a English stamp.

"Why, sir," he said, "if there ain't a letter from the old country. Perhaps I can give you some news."

Lancelot eagerly scanned the Colonel's face as the latter read the letter, and saw the successive expressions upon it, of surprise and indignation.

"I hope there's nothing wrong, sir," Lancelot ventured to remark.

"Read that, sir," said the Colonel in reply, turning away to vent his wrath in a torrent of the fiercest ejaculations and imprecations.

Lancelot read the letter, which was from Miss Julia, announcing the disappearance of Pansie from Athena House, and, of course, affected the greatest surprise.

"What do you think of that, sir?" said the Colonel, returning from the exercise of his anathematical faculties. "A child, upon whom I have lavished all the affection of a fond parent, whose education and travelling has cost me heaven knows how many thousand dollars, to turn against her country, her father, and her friends, and run off with a good-for-nothing Britisher!"

"The lady who writes does not say anything about his being good-for-nothing," said Lancelot, in a consolatory tone. "On the contrary, she speaks rather well of him."

"That don't matter worth a cent," retorted the angry Colonel. If he was good for anything he'd write straight to me and ask my permission, instead of taking advantage of a girl being thousands of miles away from home, and running off with her. That's what I think about it, sir; and if I catch that man, I'll—— well, I guess it don't do to say what I'll do; but somebody'll have to put on mourning for him. I feel, sir, as if you could knock me down with a bank note, that I do, sir."

To correct which ambiguous feeling he was obliged to order a "cobbler" of extra strength, which he took at a gulp, and professed himself a trifle per cent better.

To offer consolation under the distressing circumstances seemed to Lancelot to savor of mockery, so he listened a bit to the Colonel's violent tirade against Britishers in general, and the robber of his daughter in particular, muttered a few words of sympathy, and, remarking that it was nearly eight o'clock, wished the Colonel "good night," and returned to the hotel.

Lancelot Selfe found his wife in a state of eager expectation as to the result of his interview with her father, and she sprang up and kissed him as if he had returned from the jaws of death.

He told her all that had passed between them, of the arrival of Aunt Julia's letter, and its effect upon the Colonel; and said that if she did not feel too tired they would leave by the bullion train at half-past four in the morning, and that during the journey, he would declare himself to the Colonel.

"But Lancy," said Pansie, "papa is sure to discover me on the same train with him. Remember, our cars here are not like yours there is no hiding away in a snug little compartment to oneself."

"That's all right, my darling," said her husband. "Your father is now going to turn into his own car, which forms part of the mail car, to sleep, and he told me that we should not meet until to-morrow. So now do you run upstairs, tell Susan to tumble in for a few hours' sleep, and do the same yourself. I'm going out for a stroll, as it's such a lovely night, and I'll have a good old think over matters."

So Pansie left the room, and Lancelot went out into the moonlit street. Not caring for the bustle and crowd of the town, he turned off near the railway station along a path which led away into the country, and soon he was in a solitary region, of which the silence was only broken by the plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will and the hum of nocturnal insects.

He had not proceeded very far before he became aware that a cloaked individual, who had already passed him once, had repassed him, and seemed to be generally interested in him.

Although Lancelot knew that the old days of mining camp orgies and "free shoots" had passed, he had been warned not to go abroad unarmed, especially after dark, as there were always loafers and rowdies prowling about ready for mischief, and not at all particular in the choice of their victims.

So, when the mysterious individual faced about and approached him, he quietly slipped his six-shooter out of his pocket and advanced ready for any emergency.

The man evidently saw the precautionary movement, for he held his two hands in the air—a familiar symbol of peaceful intentions in these parts—and said in an undertone:

"All right, Captain. I was coming to see you. Just a word to say that the bullion train starts at four-thirty, and has on board forty thousand dollars for the First National Bank at Frisco. Me and the boys will be at the lone hut between Cottonwood and Cisco. The express is there at five after five. Old Wyman's in charge, and, as we've let him sleep so long, there won't be much shooting. Good night, sir!"

And he disappeared in the darkness before Lancelot could recover his astonishment or frame any sort of reply.

Of course he grasped the situation at once, and saw that the man had mistaken him for some one else, and he turned back rapidly towards the station.

At first he thought he would go at once and inform the Colonel of the occurrence; but a happier thought struck him that if matters could be arranged without the knowledge of that official, so much the better.

So he called on the station inspector, and informed him of all that had taken place, impressing upon him absolute secrecy as far as the Colonel was concerned.

The man expressed the greatest surprise, shook hands heartily with Lancelot, and told him that everything should be in readiness, and that if he was going to travel by the train he would see some fun.

Then he returned to the hotel, left word with the porter to call him in time, and slipped quietly into bed, without disturbing Pansie, who was fast asleep.

At four o'clock they were up, and by the half hour, Pansie and Susan were comfortably installed in a sleeping car; and Lancelot, who was wide awake from excitement and delight, interested himself in the preparations for departure and defence; and the bullion clerk, who knew the secret, introduced Lancelot to some score of active, muscular, young fellows, armed with Remington and Winchester rifles and revolvers, who were being allotted their positions on the train.

All this accomplished silently and rapidly, the last sacks of mails were hurled into the car; the conductor from sheer force of habit sang out, "All aboard;" the huge bell of the engine rang out weirdly into the quiet night; and they started.

Lancelot and the bullion clerk, each armed with a rifle, took up their positions by the side of the engineer, and the stoker in the caboose of the locomotive, whence they could see all that might happen, and direct operations.

At five o'clock, just as the gray dawn was streaking the skies over the pine woods, they saw a red light agitated violently some two hundred yards ahead.

The word was passed along the cars to be ready, the engine-bell rang out, and the brakes were put hard down.

Scarcely had the train been brought to a standstill, when from the thickets on each side of the track swarmed groups of wild-looking individuals, armed with rifles, the foremost of whom leapt upon the engine, off which he was knocked down with a billet of wood by the engineer, whereupon he picked himself up, swearing horribly, brought his rifle to the ready, and sung out:

"I reckon you'd better tell the Colonel to give up the keys of your freight cars, or there'll be shooting."

"I reckon you'd better stand off, Captain, you and your boys," replied the bullion clerk, covering him with his rifle as he spoke, "or there'll be a head or two drawn on you in return."

At that moment the bullion convoy showed themselves on the platforms of the cars, to the rage and amazement of the robbers, who stood irresolute, whether to open fire or to bolt.

The man who had leapt on to the engine, and whom Lancelot at once recognised as being like himself, turned to his men, and said:

"Well, boys, we're as good as them; we

haven't had a haul for some months; what do you say?"

"Go for 'em!" was the growled reply.

But before the suggestion could be acted upon, the bullion convoy discharged a volley, and half-a-dozen of the assailants lay stretched on the ground.

The robbers, who had backed into the bush, let fly in return, and the calm and peace of a beautiful morning was broken by the crack of the rifles, the cries of wounded men, the curses of the combatants, the encouraging shouts of their leaders, and the crash of bullets through the brushwood and the thick foliage.

In the midst of it all the Colonel came tumbling out of his car, half-dressed, and with a face which was a perfect study of rage and astonishment, but a bullet whizzing past his ear and making a neat hole in the wood-work about a foot off him, drove him back into shelter.

The combat was of but short duration, for the robbers, not having expected resistance, were but poorly armed, and in ten minutes time a dozen pairs of hands were thrown up and all was over.

Then the Colonel came forth to view the scene, and to take over again the command of which he had been, by accident, deprived.

The first corpse which met his wondering gaze was that of the leader of the robbers, the man who, previous to the commencement of hostilities, had been so summarily ejected from the engine.

"Why! Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "If that ain't Jem Forrest, the man who would have married my daughter if that skunk of a Britisher hadn't gone off with her!"

"Yes, Colonel," said his clerk. "That's Jem Forrest, the out and outest blackguard on the track. He's handed in his checks now, and I reckon he'll have a powerful deal o' blood lettin' to answer for."

"Well," said the Colonel, "I wouldn't have believed it. He was one of the quietest, say-nothing-to-nobody sort of cusses I ever met, and that's why I kinder froze to him as a husband for my Pansie, and that's a fact."

"It's real lucky we had the boys aboard, Colonel," said the clerk. "I reckon it warn't your fault."

"Who did it? Who was it?" said the Colonel. "I don't care who he is, but he saved the bullion train, and Cornelius P. Wyman ain't the man to forget such a good turn. You're right, Hawkins, I've been a slight too easy of late, and this has learnt me a lesson. Say, who's the man?"

"That thar Britisher, yonder," replied Hawkins, jerking his head in the direction of Lancelot, who, stripped to his shirt, was busy amongst the wounded.

The Colonel rushed up to the young Englishman and shook him energetically by the hand.

"Sir," he said, "I don't know how I can thank you for what you've done. If the train had been wrecked I should have been a ruined and disgraced man. You have saved the dollars, and you have saved an old soldier his berth. Name your reward, sir, and if it's in Cornelius P. Wyman's power to grant it, consider it as granted."

"Very well, Colonel," said Lancelot, leading him aside. "I take you at your word. Didn't you show me a letter last night in which it was said, that your daughter had run away from school with a Britisher?"

"Yes, sir, confound him, that's so!" replied the Colonel.

"Would you forgive that Britisher, and receive him as your son-in-law if you were to see him?" asked the young man.

"Well, sir," answered the Colonel, "I'm under an eternal obligation to you. If that man's a friend of yours, I'll forgive him, although he has done a real mean thing. As for my Pansie—— well, as Jem Forrest ain't of no account now, I forgive her."

"I'm the Britisher, sir," said Lancelot.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated the Colonel in amusement. "And Pansie?"

"Well," said Lancelot, "I rather expect I haven't seen them since the shooting began. They're in the sleeping-car."

So the Colonel and Lancelot ascended the sleeping-car, and there they found Pansie and Susan shuddering together in a dark corner.

The meeting between father and daughter was of course of the most affectionate nature; and whilst the train in an hour's time rolled on its way towards Salt Lake City, the Colonel and his new son-in-law cemented a friendship which culminated in a promise, on the part of the former, that he would return with them to England in order to pass Christmas at Furnace Court, where he would parentally soothe the outraged feelings of the Misses Julia and Aurelia Pontes.

SIGNATURES ON TREASURY NOTES.—By photography the autograph is reproduced in various sizes, some smaller than the original and one or two larger, the latter being for use on checks and warrants.

The autograph fac-similes thus produced were transferred by means of wax and ink to pieces of steel, and thereupon cut by the engraver.

These are pieces of soft steel, easily worked, but in an hour or two they are hardened in a patent furnace.

Taking one of them after it is hardened the workman transfers the inscription upon it, by means of a powerful pressure, to the face of a little spool of soft steel, and this in turn is hardened till it is tough enough for the work before it.

Bank notes are printed in sheets of four, and of course there must be a plate for each note.

When the original plates are engraved a number are purposely left blank where the signatures of the treasurer are to be affixed, and these original blank plates can be reproduced and altered by pressure transfer.

Taking one of the blank plates and putting it in a press, the workman adjusts to its proper place the spool bearing the name of the treasurer, brings down the power of the press, rolls the spool backward and forward a few times, and there he has the autograph of the new treasurer plainly written in the soft steel of the plate on which is to be printed many a bushel of fives, tens, hundreds or five hundreds.

This soft steel plate is hardened in the fire before being put to work, so that it may have greater endurance.

Portraits, dates and other figures are changed on the steel plates in the same simple manner at small expense.

If perchance it should be desired to change the name or date in a plate of which there are no duplicates with blank spaces for this purpose, a complete plate is softened and the old name or date scratched off with a sharp tool.

This leaves a little hollow or indentation in the face of the plate, and as the surface must be perfectly level and smooth some ingenuity is required to produce another perfect surface for the engraving of the new name.

This is done by the simple means of pounding on that section of the back of the plate directly under the spot where the hollow is, a few sharp blows sufficing to bring the surface up level with the remainder of the plate.

This newly raised surface may not be perfectly level and smooth, but it is burnished down and the desired name or words stamped into it by the hard steel spool and heavy pressure.

ANECDOTE OF A RING.

Hannibal, it is said, in terror of falling into the hands of his enemies, always carried poison in a ring, and by means of it, after his defeat and flight into Bithynia, disappointed the hopes of the Romans, by destroying himself.

That such might have been the case, is clearly proved by the capabilities of the Russian lady's ring (mentioned in Thiebault's "Original Anecdotes of Frederick II."), which concealed a small syringe, and which she very offensively made use of as follows:

"While the French minister, M. de Guines, was astonishing the court of Berlin with the grandeur he conferred on his legation (a circumstance extremely mortifying to men of the same rank, unable to keep pace with his profusion), a Russian ambassador, on his way to St. Petersburg with his newly-married wife, arrived at Berlin.

The lot of presenting him at court, etc., fell to the Prince Dolgorouki, who gave a splendid dinner to all the ambassadors, at which M. de Guines was placed by the side of the lady, who was aware of the existing rivalry, and anxious, it would seem, as there was no competing with him, to render him ridiculous.

The ring alluded to was of great beauty, and curious workmanship—circumstances to which she invited the French nobleman's attention during dinner; and while as was stooping down to examine it, she pressed a small spring, which was turned to the inside of her hand, and spouted the small quantity of water the syringe contained, into his eyes.

The latter laughed, rallied her with great good-nature, wiped his face, and thought no more of it; but the lady again filled the syringe without his perceiving her, and (while pretending to wish to speak across him to some one near them), discharged its contents again in his face.

The minister, without appearing the least angry or out of countenance, in a tone such as we use when we give a piece of friendly advice, observed:

"These kind of jokes, madam, on the first experiment may be laughed at; on the second, we may be inclined to consider them as the thoughtless act of youthful gaiety, particularly in a lady; but, madam, the third time could be deemed nothing less than an affront, and you would at that very instant receive in exchange this goblet of water that stands before me. I have, madam, the honor to give you proper notice."

But the lady, imagining he would not dare to execute his threat, filled her ring again, and, poising up the glittering engine, emptied it as before in the face of the ambassador, who instantly seized his goblet of water, and threw it over her, calmly observing:

"I had given you notice, madam."

The Russian husband took the affair of the adventure by declaring that M. de Guines had done exactly what was right, and that he thanked him for it; and while the lady left the table to change her dress, her friends prevailed on the remainder of the company to keep the incident to themselves.

It was M. Dinot de Jopecourt (says the writer) who communicated the circumstance to me as a great secret, on the evening of the day in which it happened.

In reading this anecdote, one scarcely knows which to be most surprised at, the childishness or the rudeness of the transaction.

One thing, however, it proves, that poison could as readily be emanated in a ring as water, and especially the same poisons of antiquity and the East the use to which Hannibal put his, therefore, becomes the less extraordinary, particularly when we remember his antipathy to the Romans, and his constant fear of falling into their hands.

Of late years, the most curious use to which rings have been applied is in the cure of rheumatic disorders; and many persons continue to wear them of gold or silver galvanized, and affirm their conviction of being benefitted thereby.

THE ORIGIN OF WOMAN.—Woman's first appearance, says a writer in a London paper, has been a fruitful subject for the legend-monger.

The Phœnician myth of creation is found in the story of Pygmalion and Galatea. There the first woman was carved by the first man out of ivory, and then endowed with life by Aphrodite.

The Greek theory of the creation of woman, according to Hesiod, was that Zeus, as a cruel jest, ordered Vulcan to make woman out of clay, and then induced the various gods and goddesses to invest the clay doll with all their worst qualities, the result being a lovely thing, with a witchery of mien, refined craft, eager passion, love of dress, treacherous manners and shameless mind.

The Scandinavians say that as Odin, Vili and Ve, the three sons of Bor, were walking along the sea beach they found two sticks of wood, one of ash and one of elm.

Sitting down the gods shaped man and woman out of these sticks, whittling the woman from the elm and calling her Embla.

One of the strangest stories touching the origin of woman is told by the Madagascans.

In so far as the creation of man goes, the legend is not unlike that related by Moses, only that the fall came before Eve arrived.

After the man had eaten the forbidden fruit he became afected with a boil on the leg, out of which, when it burst, came a beautiful girl.

The man's first thought was to throw her to the pigs, but he was commanded by a messenger from heaven to let her play among the diggings until she was of marriageable age, then to make her his wife. He did so, called her Baboura, and she became the mother of all races of men.

The Indians' myths relative to Adam and Eve are numerous and entertaining.

Some traditions trace back our first parents to white and red maize; another is that man, searching for a wife, was given the daughter of the king of the muskrats, who, on being dipped into the waters of a neighboring lake, became a woman.

WHAT FRENCH PEASANTS EAT.—Bread, and plenty of it, is the grand foundation of his, the French peasant's dietary. Potatoes are admitted as an addition and a change, but not, as in Ireland, as the staff of life.

Salad is eaten in unlimited quantity and frequency from the beginning to the end of its season; mache, corn salad, or lamb lettuce—a great favorite, although, being eaten, it leaves an after taste of having swallowed drugs—dandelion, green and blanched; radishes, little red, round and long, and big black, white or yellow Spanish; lettuce, cos and cabbage; water cress, curled and broad-leaved, and cooked beet root, cold, are all considerable articles of consumption, of course helped down with a huge slice of bread.

"How often can you eat salad?" I asked a young peasant. "Three times a day, Monsieur, as long as it lasts," was the answer.

French beans—"princesses" or "mangetouts"—are in great request, either hot as a dinner dish or cold dressed as salad with oil and vinegar.

Boiled haricots, also, plain, hot, or dressed as salad, cold, come in as a substantial mess in winter.

An indispensable repast with the French working peasant is his "collation," a solid slice of bread eaten at 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon and frequently taken with him or carried out to him in the fields—perhaps with a little grease up and on it as a luxury—and consumed with a leaf of sorrel or lettuce laid on it as a thumb-piece; or their place is taken by a few spring onions—the thinnings of the beds—or, a clove of garlic.

In the South a red, fiery capsicum is thus indulged in, to relieve and season the bread—which perhaps, is partially made with the flour of maize.

Supported by this inexpensive treat the rustics again resume their work till supper time.

NEST OF THE SKYLARK.—The nest of the skylark is generally placed in the high grass of meadows, and a naturalist, in wandering through a field one spring, came by chance upon an entire family.

Anxious to observe their movements, he withdrew a few paces, and there witnessed a curious proceeding.

The old birds seemed greatly agitated, and were making a loud noise, and darting about as if undecided what to do.

Finally the mother popped into the nest, seized one of the birds, and, lifting it upon her back, rose and flew away.

Her mate almost immediately attempted the same feat; but, whether because he was unused to the operation or not, the little bird would slip off.

He succeeded with much difficulty in balancing his load, and flew after his mate.

In a few moments both returned and repeated their former action, until they had removed every bird from the discovered nest.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Vermont is credited with having the smallest town in the United States. "It is Baltimore, perched on the side of Hawk's Mountain, and composed mostly of rocks and knolls. Years ago it was part of Cavendish, situated on the other side of the mountain, but voters had to go 15 miles to cast their ballots; so a petition was circulated and the town of Baltimore was set off. The population in 1880 was 76, and there were not enough voters to fill the town offices. The voting list numbers scarcely a dozen, and there are twenty offices to fill."

Justice Ernstein, of Cincinnati, in deciding, Tuesday, that ice cream is not a luxury, said: "The use of ice cream has grown to such an extent that it is no longer to be claimed as a luxury, and in the liberal view the court is inclined to take of the statute its sale on Sunday can easily be regarded as a necessity. Certainly no man was ever incited by the eating of ice cream to go home and beat his wife and break up the furniture, and I have no sympathy with the effort of saloon men to make the law against them odious by pushing the enforcement of the common labor law."

A tale of woe comes from Stonington, Conn. The Baptists there recently laid the corner stone of a new church. The usual ceremonies took place, the customary gold piece, a copy of the local paper, the names of the Presidents of the United States, the Governor of Connecticut and the officiating clergyman were deposited in the usual spot, the stones were cemented around and over it. After all this had been done, a conscience-stricken boy told that he had inserted among the documents placed in the stone a slip of paper bearing the question: "Do you wear pants?" The deep despair that has settled upon the town is said to be painful in the extreme. At present the chief topic of conversation there is, "What shall be done with the boy?"

During her stay at Kissingen the German Empress put aside all "the splendors of the throne," and lived together with her sons, a very simple country life. Shortly after six the Empress, accompanied by her two eldest sons aged seven and six years respectively, had a walk to the mineral springs, drank her glass of Rakoczy, and returned home for breakfast at eight o'clock. At ten she recieved her medical adviser and shortly after the mineral bath was taken, after which another long walk followed, in the course of which the boys took their sandwich and a glass of Hungarian wine. At 1 30 dinner was announced; it consisted of soup fish, a joint and one sweet dish, the Empress taking only occasionally a glass of claret or German champagne. A drive in the afternoon and a supper of cold meat, stewed fruit, and a milk pudding for the princes concluded the day's programme.

In Prussia the State railroads make special concessions in favor of poor persons in ill health. On receipt of proper credentials such persons are conveyed to hospitals, baths, and other sanatariums in third-class carriages at the "military" rate of 1.5 pfennig per kilometer (about six-tenths of one cent per mile. The same privilege is extended to scrofulous children of the lower classes and their attendants. The inmates of asylums for the blind, deaf and dumb, and orphans and attendants, are carried at the same rate on vacation trips to the houses of relatives. One attendant is allowed to each unfortunate, and the reduction in fare is given to the attendants when they go for their charges or return home after leaving them at the asylum. Poor children who are sent to the country by societies or municipalities are also conveyed at the military rate. Furthermore all officers of benevolent societies and institutions, whether secretaries or secular, when travelling in the interest of charity, are allowed the use of second class carriages at third-class rates.

A story is told in a Buffalo police station of a small gray kitten which belongs there. Three prisoners were brought in one night and locked up. Two of them were women and one was a man. The cell room is a large, square apartment the iron pens placed in the centre, with openings facing the walls. The women were on one side and the man on the other. Soon after they had been locked up the women tried to relieve their feelings by preparing to smoke cigarettes, but they had no matches. The man, on the other hand, had matches, but no tobacco. While debating in their minds what to do the kitten came in the women's apartment, and a warm friendship immediately sprang up between them. Soon came the idea of turning their new found friend to some actual use. The women took some tobacco, and, tying it in a small bundle, fastened it to the kitten's neck, and the man on the other side called the little animal, which immediately ran to him with its burden which was removed, and some of his matches were placed about its neck, and a call from the women brought the feline back to them.

AT LONG BRANCH: Mrs. De Spanye—"I think you are too stingy, John. I have worn this bathing suit two seasons already, and I am positively ashamed to wear it any longer." Mr. De Spanye—"I suppose I think you would be sportively inclined to wear it any shorter."

Our Young Folks.

ALICE'S TEA-PARTY.

BY T. C. J.

"ALICE, there's a lady at the door, waiting to see you."

Alice was a merry winsome romp of a girl of eight; the speaker, her brother Bert, was nine; then there were Fred, their junior, and Susie, a wee lollipop of a girl, as they called her, of five.

The time was golden afternoon, and their mamma away from home for a few weeks.

"A lady? Why didn't you ask her in?" said scandalized Alice.

Her mamma away, and she her substitute—a pretty proxy indeed, as Bert so often told her.

"She was riding, and her steed is the most mettlesome of mettlesome creatures."

"Well, you could have held it or have called George."

"I simply entered your august presence to apprise you of the arrival," was the boy's stiff answer. "There, do go and play lady of the house, and not stand cavilling here, like an old gossel" came like a fag-end thereto.

Laughing, and slapping him on the back, she went flying out, saying as she ran, "I believe it's Julia; I do hope it is, for everything is so humdrum without mamma."

This was often her cry, and the boys' retort was—

"'Tisn't so humdrum for you as 'tis for us, for you have to play lady, and hector over us, besides keeping Susie in order, while we have only to mind our business."

"Which you never do," she assured them.

But about the lady at the door?

Bert crept after his sister and peered round the dining-room door into the hall, all alive with the hum of bees, the song of birds, and pleasant summer sounds, wandering in at the open door.

Fred crept out from somewhere, and together they stole to the scene of action to see the fun.

The lady awaiting expectant Alice was her own last new doll, a beauty rejoicing in the name of Lady Arabella Sophia; and lo! she was mounted on the back of Rover, the house-dog, sitting in a pert upright position, apparently reining in her steed with puppet hands, bound, and bound again, to keep her in place and lady-like posture. But then, dear old waggish Rover would have none of it.

A lady mounted on his back!—no! He leaped and reared pawed the ground like a very war-horse, giving sharp barks of protest as he whee ed about.

"Ha! ha! ha!" so peals of boyish laughter greeted Alice, just when she was rushing to rescue her "startled darling," as she called her; for Rover was pitching her perilously over his head, in spite of thongs, bonds and double bonds with which she was tied into her saddle.

"You bad, wicked, cruel, vicious, mischievous boys!" cried the indignant young lady, the sweet simpering rider safe in her sheltering arms, turning to the lads, Rover meanwhile scampering off at full gallop to the garden. "She might have been"—"killed" she was going to say, but her eight years forbade that, and so she substituted "spoilt, you great teasing fellas!"

She half laughed—a really good-tempered girl was she.

"She might have cracked her nose," observed audacious Bert, "but she didn't, you see; and you might spare your adjectives for another occasion."

"Well, you would be mites to try that trick again," scoffed the little girl, retiring into the house with the Lady Arabella Sophia. "But I did think 'twas Julia; she said she'd ride over one afternoon to tea. But then she said she'd write first, and she's done neither. Oh! how humdrum everything is!"

So they heard her make her moan; and they—the boys—declared there were tears in her eyes.

"'Tis because you say you're so humdrum that we thought we'd brighten you up a bit," they shouted after her, as she went up to the nursery.

Well, the next day was in no wise humdrum, so far as Alice was concerned, for that morning's post brought the desired note.

It ran thus:—

"DEAR ALICE,—I shall be delighted to drink tea with you to-morrow. Have Lady Arabella Sophia dressed in her best, and have tea on the lawn. Oceans of love,

"JULIA."

"Julia's coming to tea, nurse; and as mamma is away, I may have and do as I like, mayn't I?" cried Alice, flying upstairs to nurse.

And that lady's reply was, "Oh, yes, dear—in moderation, you know."

Then she went down-stairs again, to hold a grave consultation with the cook.

A friend coming to tea and mamma away! A weighty matter they had to discuss between them.

"So the good news is come at last?" said Bert, meeting her coming out of the kitchen.

"Yes; Julia is coming to-morrow," replied Alice, at peace with everyone.

"Well, what's to be the figure of entertainment?"

"Tea on the lawn and a dance afterwards; she'll not stay late."

"Mind and look out for the good things to eat, for of course you will invite us; and you know our taste to a nicety."

Fred strayed up, as by attraction, from somewhere.

"Oh, yes; I'll have enough to satisfy two greedy boys," she told them, her head high with the dignity come to her.

One glad day of happy expectation, and then, on the morrow, the gala day arrived.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish! George off to Axminster, and hadn't time to roll the lawn before he went," were Bert's tidings to his sister before breakfast.

"Oh! what shall we do? O' course we shall play croquet, or something, before tea," was her doleful reply, overshadowed as by a cloud in a moment. "Can't we roll it ourselves?"

"He said we might, if we could."

"Then we will," decided the hopeful girl; and out they went to get it done.

"Now, a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together!" cried Bert, Alice and Fred in front of the roller. "Now tug like little donkeys and I'll come behind with the rake, and Susie can push."

Oh! dreadfully hard work it was, but they did it.

"How about the humdrum feeling, and how about the Lady Arabella Sophia's best bib and tucker?" asked Bert, with a knowing wink at Fred.

"Never mind the Lady Arabella Sophia; be sure you're decent yourself, and have clean hands, or——"

"Or what?" was the laughing query.

"Or we won't have you to tea."

"We shall see."

They laughed again.

Oh, the golden, busy hours! How they sped, as Alice attended to her own and the doll's toilet, consulted with cook, finally attending to the "jolly spread," as the boys termed it, so tempting.y laid under the trees on the lawn, the Lady Arabella sitting in state, propped up against a cushion.

But four—five o'clock; no sound of horse's hoof nor rumble of carriage wheels.

"She can't be coming, dear," said nurse, like a very wet blanket of disappointment, as the child stood at the gates waiting.

"No, because she never said she would," cried Bert, he and Fred starting up from behind the holly hedge.

"Never said she'd come? What do you mean?" inquired Alice. "Her note said so."

"That was my note—I wrote it. There, the secret is out. I did it to make Alice's humdrum life bearable," was Bert's confession.

"And with an eye to the goodies," quoth nurse, scarcely knowing whether to laugh or be serious.

Of course the conspirators laughed; but tears were in Alice's eyes.

"Never cry, dear," said nurse, "if ——"

"If 'tis a sham tea-drinking," observed Bert, slyly.

"Well, Master Bert, I don't see your wisdom in playing the trick, and I shall tell your mamma when she comes home."

"No need; we shall tell her ourselves," returned the boy.

Well, there was nothing to be done but to sit down to tea minus their "sham guest," to quote the boys once more; five strong, they said they were, counting in the Lady Arabella Sophia, innocent and simpering as ever.

"Why don't you take the poor darling up?" suggested Bert.

"You haven't been meddling with her?" questioned his sister, catching up the puppet. "E—e—e—eh!" as her scream rang out.

"Well, what's the matter now?" demurely inquired Bert, nudging Fred, while nurse, busy pouring out tea, had a half-mind to join her two young ladies in their shriek of terror.

Well, this was the cause. Two fat frogs leaped from the folds of the dog's dress as her mamma took her up and sprang with a will into the little girl's lap, as if co-conspirators with the boys.

"Shoo! shoo!" cried nurse, coming to poor Alice's aid, and making the small cold gentlemen in green beat a retreat right nimbly. "You are no guests of Miss Alice's inviting, so you marsh!"

"Poor banished guests!" what a tale they'll bear to Frogland of the inhospitality of those queer things called 'ladies'!" said Bert.

"Well, we can't have a worse character there than boys have already, if we may believe the old fable," was the retort. "I'm thinking of your character with mamma, young gentlemen."

"The two home-jesters," quoth unmannerly Bert, his mouth full of cake.

CONSUMPTION OF RICE.—Rice is, no doubt, the most extensively used article of food the world over. Hundreds of millions of people chiefly subsist on it, and its consumption is constantly increasing. It is the principal diet of at least one-third of the human race, forming the chief food of the native populations of India, China, Japan, Madagascar, many parts of Africa, and in fact of almost all Eastern nations. The Burmese and Siamese are the greatest consumers of it. A Many laborers eat through fifty-six pounds monthly; a Burmese or Siamese forty-six pounds in the same time. The Eastern nations also chiefly obtain their beverages from rice, which is the principal grain distilled in Siam, Japan and China. Saki, or rice beer, is produced in Japan to the extent of [illegible] gallons annually. Although rice is such a universal article of food, it is not so nourishing as wheat or some other grains. More than nine-tenths of its substance consists of starch and water; consequently it forms more fat than muscle.

A TUSSLE WITH AN OSTRICH.

BY E. E. CUTHELL.

EVERYTHING is small to begin with, and although it may seem strange, Bass, the huge ostrich our story is about, was once only an egg.

Yes, but what an egg! Imagine an egg seventeen and a half inches round the long way, by fifteen and a half round the middle, and weighing as much as twenty-four hens' eggs.

Bass' first experience of life was finding himself in his nest, merely a rough hole his mother had scraped in the sand a few inches deep, and into which she packed her eggs on end.

Bass found himself and his brothers and sisters all covered over with bristles, which it would have been hard to believe would eventually turn into beautiful feathers such as adorned his mother.

From almost the very first there was no keeping them in the nest, for they could already run easily with their short sturdy little legs.

And then, too, what appetites they developed. Grass, fruit, stones, insects, birds, reptiles, nothing came amiss to Bass and his family. No wonder they grew and throve!

But ere they were very big great misfortunes fell upon them.

Bass' father one morning took them all out on a foraging expedition across the *veldt* or plain.

He strutted in front, taking strides that would not have disgraced a giant in his seven-league boots, and his family followed him, picking up odds and ends by the way.

"See, father," suddenly called out one of the young ostriches, "there's a relation of ours coming this way."

They all looked up, and indeed perceived another huge bird advancing towards them, though taking, for them, remarkably small foot-steps.

"Let us go up and speak to him," suggested the father ostrich. He put his best leg forward, and then suddenly stood still, and fell to the ground heavily.

"Whatever's the matter with father?" cried Bass, and all his brothers and sisters stood still, and gazed astonished at their fallen parent.

Still the new-comer moved on towards them, then it paused, and—stood! Another of the ostriches fell to the ground.

Bass and his comrades could not make it out at all. They remained as if rooted to the spot, and then yet another of them fell [illegible]

"Brothers, this is an enemy!" cried Bass. "Let us fly!"

And off they sped at the rate of a race-horse galloping. A mass of feathers dropped off the strange ostrich, and revealed a half-naked Bushman, who twanged yet another arrow after the retreating birds, but in vain.

Bass' mother met with an equally sad fate. She was sitting upon another nest of eggs, and got up one evening to take a walk and pick up a little meal.

When she came back the appearance of her nest was altered. The cream-colored eggs, the color of the sand in which they were laid, had disappeared, and instead lay a black mass.

The black mass raised an arm, and poor Mrs. Ostrich fell to the ground as her husband had done before her. Bass and his brothers were orphans.

Theirs was a happier fate. One morning they saw some horsemen riding towards them across the veldt. After their sad experience they were in great fear of man, and scudded off at their top speed.

Had they but run straight, a few minutes would have carried them out of their pursuers' sight. But, alas! Bass' and his brothers' brains were not in proportion to their huge bodies.

They ran round and round in a circle, and the rest of the party of horsemen, coming upon them in an unexpected direction, swooped down and made them easy prisoners.

Bass found himself carried off to the ostrich camp, there to be imprisoned for life for the sake of his fine plumes.

The Hottentots in charge of the ostrich farm called him Bass, which means "Master," because he was the biggest and handsomest bird in the camp.

Year after year the finest feathers were those that were plucked from Bass' unwilling back.

And hadn't he a temper, too! He was the fiercest bird on the farm.

All the natives were afraid of Bass when he was at all put out, and came up to them with a [illegible] exasperating waltzing kind of step, with graceful neck waving, and great round eyes blinking.

Woe betide the hapless Hottentot who found himself within reach of Bass' huge black leg, for couldn't he kick!

The only thing that could come up to him for kicking was a camel, and if you had seen Bass kick out you would have understood why an ostrich is called by the natives the "camel-bird."

Pompey had had such a narrow escape from his huge hoof once that he had vowed he would lay his *sjambock*, or big whip he used to drive his team with, about Bass' feathers if ever the bird got loose and came for him again.

Pompey was a Hottentot about the farm, a curious dried-up-looking fellow, long and lean, with a yellow face, and hair like a black doormat.

He was dressed in an old cast-off military jacket and a cocked hat, into which he had stuck an assortment of feathers of his own picking up.

Pompey was under the orange trees by the house one morning, helping Hans and Fritz Coetzee to wash ostrich feathers.

They were getting big boys now, and their father said they had better learn to be useful about the farm, and Dutch Boer boys in the middle of the Transvaal had not so many lessons to think about as English boys of their age at home in civilized England. They did not like work, all the same.

"What a shame it is to make us work, and in this heat too," grumbled Hans, lazily splashing in the tub of cold water with a bunch of ostrich feathers soaked with red [illegible]

"I'm sure there's a thunder-storm coming; it looks so black over the Kloof mountain," put in Fritz. "Give me some more feathers to rinse," he added, dabbling his empty hands in the tub of cold water by which he stood.

Pompey looked on, vigorously engaged in doing nothing but notch the end of a heavy black walking-stick he carried in his hand.

"This is hot work," Hans grumbled again. "Pompey, get us something to drink."

"The *mkoos* (master) gone out shooting *vilderbeeste* (buck)—taken key of brandy with him," sighed Pompey.

"Nonsense, you *swartzel* (black creature), we don't want brandy," cried the boys. "There's milk and cream in the [illegible]."

"Oui Hebe round about," muttered Pompey.

"Bother old Hebe!" cried Hans. "I don't care a rap for her! I shall have some cream if I choose; and besides, she's busy carrying baby about."

He dropped the feathers and left them there. Then he crept off quietly in the direction of the dairy.

Presently Fritz and Pompey watching eagerly saw him reappear, carrying triumphantly and with much care a little tin can.

But fortune was against him. At that moment old Hebe, crooning to the baby, came towards the orange trees.

To avoid meeting her, Hans crept through a gap in the fence, and made over the road in the direction of a shady patch of blue gum trees. Fritz darted after him to share his spoil.

But ere they could reach the blue gums, suddenly, down the road, with wings spread and outstretched neck, a huge cock ostrich came swinging along with strides of ten or twelve feet in length.

The boys fled down the road, Hans in mortal fear, half of the ostrich and half of spilling his precious can of cream, while Pompey and Hebe both rushed on to the scene, screaming—

"See, the Bass is loose! The Bass is loose!"

The bird gained on the boys every step. Every drop of cream was shaken out of the tin, but little cared Hans in his mad flight.

A hissing sound in his ears, a thick leg flying up in the air and striking down like a hammer, and Hans lay on his back in the dust.

Bass, in a spirit of fun, swept the tin can out of his hand, and with a twist of his long neck, dealt Fritz a swinging blow with it on the head as he passed by, which nearly felled him too.

The boys at once picked themselves up, breathless and shaken. The enemy had stopped short in his mad career, and had turned, blinking at them and swaying his long neck.

Then suddenly Bass spread his wings and came rushing at them again like a thunderbolt.

"Lie down on your face flat!" shrieked Pompey from a safe distance.

Fritz did as he was bidden, but Hans was not quick enough, and with a magnified kind of drop kick, such as boys practice in the football field, Bass caught Hans in the back, and in another instant was on the top of him, kicking him, crushing him.

But Fritz came to the rescue. They were two to one, you see. He seized Bass by the wings, and held on to him tightly.

The bird began to turn round and round in a sort of waltz, first slowly, then more and more quickly, and Fritz swung round with him.

The house, the trees, the palings, all blended into a wild whirligig before his eyes, and he felt he could not hold on another second, when—

Several strong black arms, with a rush, gripped Bass' neck, as Pompey and the Hottentots he had hastily summoned from the ostrich camp seized the huge bird, who sank, a heap of feathers, to the ground, nearly smothering Fritz.

Then they bound the escaped prisoner with a tough rope, and led him back again into confinement.

Both boys were bruised, and both frightened. Whenever Hans felt inclined to pick and steal again he remembered Bass, the avenger of the thieves.

SHE RECONSIDERED.—Jones: "Mabel, will you marry me?"

Mabel (in a sisterly tone of voice): "Oh, Mr. Jones, don't ask me! It pains me so to refuse you."

Jones: "There, there, my dear, don't let it cause you any distress. I only did it for a wager."

Mabel (in firm accents): "Yes! I will!"

BABY'S SHOES.

BY SYLVIA A. MOSS.

These are my baby's shoes,
Pretty and soft and low;
Without the sign of a heel,
But a great big hole in the toe.

I think that to lay them by
Is sure the best way to choose;
So that in the after years
She may smile at those little shoes.

For she may a lady be
And dwell where all is fair,
While people of fame may come
To meet and greet her there.

Or live in a cottage small,
For noisy boys and girls;
Where shoes she may stoop to tie,
Or brush out sunny curls.

But still she will be my girl,
Whatever the way she choose,
And those who care to ask
May see her little shoes.

OF PROPER NAMES.

To remember the correct Christian and surname of a tolerably large circle of acquaintances is a difficult matter.

Unless one is very careful indeed, Mr. Browne's name will sometimes pass without the final "e," and then the fat is in the fire with a vengeance.

A story told of Moore illustrates how names may be confounded.

When in Paris, the poet observed an acquaintance talking to two ladies. Noticing that one of the ladies kept looking in his direction, he asked his acquaintance, when he rejoined him, what was the nature of their conversation, "because," said Moore, "I know you were talking about me."

"Well," said the friend, "the lady observed that she was delighted to have had the pleasure of seeing so famous a personage."

"Indeed!" returned the gratified poet; "anything more?"

"Yes," continued the other; "she said she was the more pleased because she had herself taken in your celebrated Almanac for the last five or six years?"

There was an English Moore who used to issue a work of this character and him she confounded with the famous poet

Leitch the painter was called "Leitch with the itch," to distinguish him from Leech the "Punch" artist; and an arrangement of this kind would be advantageous in many cases.

Every student must have been slightly puzzled at some period of his career in descriminating between father and son, and the task is still more difficult when both have devoted themselves to, and succeeded in the same art, science, or branch of literature.

A good story, with a slight apocryphal ring, is told of George Colman the younger. Once, after deep meditation, he asked Theodore Hook his age. Hook replied that he had just reached his majority; whereupon Colman muttered—

"Strange! very strange! Extraordinary precocity of genius!"

Then he said aloud:

"Twenty-one! Ah very good! But, sir, pray tell me how on earth you managed to write that terribly long Roman History?"

That Colman had never heard of Dean Hook is scarcely creditable; but the mistake of confounding persons who were or still are in the same "line of business" is made every day by the "general reader."

If hereditary genius were more common, the confusion of names would be greater. Parents call the first born after one or other of its more immediate predecessors, and when these are exhausted, after the aunts and uncles on either side.

Thus, it frequently happens that a certain Christian name runs in a family for generations. Great men, too, seriously affect the variety of Christian names, in their own and succeeding generations.

Despite Juliet's assertion to the contrary, many persons evidently believe there is something in a name just as Mr. Shandy maintained that the misfortunes of the hero of Sterne's remarkable work were due to Yorick in rashly christening the boy Tristram, and not Tramegistus.

For some time after the Conquest the name of William was very popular; and a lady who well remembers the jubilee of George III., says that in the West of England most of the children born that year were christened George or Charlotte Jubilee.

At one baptism, the lady adds, after several girls were named Charlotte Jubilee, on a boy being presented the old clerk shouted "George Jubilo!" thinking the other termination feminine.

Touching the general practice of bestowing Christian names on children, Camden notes a rather curious fact.

"Two Christian names," he says, "are rare in England, and I only remember His Majesty and the Prince with more."

It would be interesting to know when the custom of almost invariably giving two Christian names originated.

The old clerk who was so particular about the proper termination was not so very far wrong in his sentiments, after all.

The confusion of proper names is quite perplexing enough when female children are christened by names which are usually bestowed on the sterner portion of mankind; but the confusion is greatly enhanced when males are made to bear purely feminine appellations.

Maria, for instance, was borne by Dan benton the naturalist, Jacquard of the loom, and Weber the composer of Der Freischeutz.

History affords other examples in the cases of Anne de Montmorency, Constable of France; Anne Hilarion Tourville, the great admiral; or Anne Louis Girodet, the celebrated painter.

This mixing up of names is not very general, otherwise the decision of a learned Chief justice in a recent case, that because a certain person was named Elizabeth was not legal proof that she was a woman, would have been more intelligible to the jury. What the twelve good men and true, or indeed, any equal number of men, would have thought of such a name as "George Anne Bellamy," supposing that they had never heard of that popular actress of the last century, it is difficult to say.

These designations were conferred on this lady by a parish clerk, instead of Georgiana; but George Anne she was christened, and George Anne she always called herself.

Themistocles is reported to have been able to call by name every one of the twenty-thousand dwellers in Athens; but with the majority of persons this is a very weak point.

Grains of Gold.

Least said is soonest mended.

Lazy folks take the most pains.

Manners often make fortunes.

Keep your tongue within your teeth.

Petulent contentions engender malice

Kindnesses like grain increase by sowing.

If things were done twice all would be wise.

He who swims in sin will sink in sorrow.

To do so no more is the truest repentance.

On their own merits modest men are dumb.

Better reap two days too soon than one too late.

If we subdue not our passions they will subdue us.

Perfection is the point at which all should aim.

If every one would mend one all would be amended.

He who would catch fish must not mind getting wet.

All is not lost when anything goes contrary to you.

Party is the madness of many for the gain of the few.

Some people only understand enough of truth to reject it.

Life is not so short but that there is always time enough for courtesy.

Of all evil spirits abroad at this hour in the world, insincerity is the most dangerous.

Philosophy is only valuable when it serves for the law of life, not the ostentation of science.

Sorrows are gardeners—they plant flowers along waste places and lead vines to cover barren heaps.

There is no house so small that it has no room for love; there is no castle so large that it cannot be filled with it.

Femininities.

There are 275 lady preachers in the United States—all eloquent; all, alas! homely.

A woman whose ruling passion is not vanity, is superior to any man of equal capacity.

"Mamma, if you had three twins what would you call them—troublets?" "Yes, dear, I think I would."

"Sweet are the uses of perversity." So thinks the young wife who tries petulance as a remedy for fancied neglect.

The foolish woman darkeneth her house to save the carpets and keep out flies; and behold her children grow pale, and disease marketh her for its prey.

Flattery is foolishness, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise; nevertheless, the discreet woman may use a little of it for her husband's sake.

A Bombay newspaper announces two marriages, in one case the bride being aged 2 years and in the other 15 months, while the bridegroom was 80.

Ambitious wife: "My dear, all the people in our set are going away for the summer." Brutal husband: "Good! Then they won't know we're at home."

Gout threatens Queen Victoria, and she has been advised by her doctor, Sir William Jenner, to give up champagne and claret and drink whisky and apollinaris.

He was all right. Lady, horses running away: "Dear, dear, dear, what will become of me?" New coachman, grimly: "Madam, it depends on your past life. I'm all right."

Old Brown: "Miss Ada, I love you. Will you be my wife?" Miss Ada: "There is my sister Sarah. She is four years older than I, and it seems to me she should be sacrificed first."

"I bless Eve for eating that apple," said a young lady the other day as she stood before the mirror. "Why?" asked a companion. "Because there is such delight in trying on a new dress when it fits well."

A "revolution" is announced in the corset trade, a company being formed to acquire and take over the patent for a hinge waist corset. The revolution is to be brought about by a company with a capital of $300,000.

The reason. Bessie: "I met Miss Shapely out shopping to-day, and I never before realized what a loud voice she has." Jennie: "But you must remember, my dear, that she was asking for a pair of No. 2 shoes."

Fond mother, at a ball, aside to her daughter: "Has Count Arturo, with whom you have been dancing all the evening, at last declared his intentions?" "Yes, mamma." "Thank goodness! And what did he say?" "He declared that he would never get married."

Ella: "Where will you pass the summer? Are you going into the country?" Bella: "I don't know, I'm sure. Papa said something about going into insolvency, and if he says so, I suppose we shall have to go there."

Cross-examining counsel: "Now, Mr. Brown, you say this Miss Brown is a distant relative of yours?" Mr. Brown: "Yes." "What relation is she?" "My sister." "But you just told us she was a distant relative." "So she is. At present she is in Paris."

A remarkable woman is Mrs. Susanna Richardson, of Limington, Me. She is 86 years old, arises at 4 A. M. every day to attend to her household duties, has charge of two cows, works the butter and does her washing, and can read and thread her needle without glasses.

According to a Moltac, Ga., newspaper the spectacle of a woman pulling a plow while the husbands holds the handles can be witnessed within a mile of that place almost any day. The parties are white, and the husband is a preacher from Ohio. The wife says her part in the matter is entirely voluntary.

Doctor, politely, but looking at his watch with visible impatience: "Pardon me, madam, but my time is not my own. You have given me all your symptoms in sufficient detail, and now perhaps you will kindly—er—ah—" Husband, not so considerate: "Maria, he doesn't want to hear your tongue any more; he wants to look at it."

The heroine of the hour in South Nyack, N. Y., is Mrs. D. F. Meissner, wife of a newsdealer there. Seeing a man in danger of being run down by a train, she rushed in front of the engine and dragged him to a place of safety. He turned out to be deaf. Several friends of the man, who is a well-known New York broker, witnessed the heroic act from a distance.

Here is a scintillation of unconscious humor from a crowded street. A little girl of 2 or 3 years had been lost, and was crying most bitterly, and would not tell any of those who asked her what was her name or address. Seeing the position of affairs, a benevolent old gentleman said kindly to her: "My dear, won't you tell me your name? Do try and recollect. It can't be so very long since you were baptised."

People who have suddenly acquired social position are often more supercilious in their bearing to persons who have been less fortunate than are those who can boast as long a descent as this country can record. So we find folk whose grandmothers perhaps sold spruce beer in a cellar, or whose grandfathers dealt out liquor at 2 cents a glass at some corner grocery, assuming arrogant airs when they happen to be thrown into the company of those who are intellectually and morally their superiors.

We have to go to the Antipodes to discover what the servants on her adopted heath are equal to. There, cooks with good figures decline to hide their natural gifts under any bushel, but take some of their "Sundays out" on horseback, attired in porpoise-like riding-habits, and all else up to the knocker. Mounted on good showy steed, provided for the occasion by a brother or a "friend," the Australian cook gallops away, waving her whip and shouting good-bye to her mistress, and all who happen to be "seeing her off." Our hired girls in this country have not yet taken to riding-habits or riding out on Sundays.

Masculinities.

Wait till after dinner before you fall out with the cook.

He is little worth whose promises are nothing worth.

The average man is apt to be the next thing to a fool when he gets beside himself.

How happy our neighbors might be if they would only do as we think they ought to do!

To confess to being snubbed is to acknowledge the power of a given person to confer a rebuff.

When a man disagrees with you, it is often best to leave him alone. The same is true of rich food.

The average man can never understand why a watch always runs slow at church and fast at the theatre.

He: "Come, now; let's kiss and make up." She: "No, sir; I won't." He: "Well, let's kiss anyhow."

Do not expect too much from others, but forbear and forgive, as you desire forbearance and forgiveness yourself.

Good-breeding is benevolence in trifles, or the preference of others to ourselves in the little daily occurrences of life.

If you borrow, you must lend; therefore, whatsoever you are unwilling that men should borrow of you, borrow not of them.

The bread of sorrow is leavened with error, mixed with imprudence, kneaded with perversity, and baked in the oven of dissipation.

Husband, on wedding tour: "I want rooms for myself and wife." Hotel clerk: "Suite?" Husband: "Of course she is—perfectly lovely. The sweetest girl in the world."

A Hindoo has reduced laziness to a fine art. He says: "It is better to walk than to run, better to stand than to walk, better to sit than to stand, and better to lie down than to sit."

Papa told him of the story of Joseph and his brethren, and he was much interested in Joseph's coat of many colors. When the story was done the youngster said: "Papa, tell me about his pants."

At the Paris Exhibition, in Machinery Hall: "Oh, yes, these machines take the place of so many young girls; they work cheaper, and, besides (lowering his voice), your wife really cannot be jealous of them."

Servant, answering bell: "My master isn't in, sir; you may leave the bill, if you wish." Caller, in surprise: "Bill? I have no bill—I wish to—" Servant, in surprise also. "No bill? Then you must have called at the wrong house."

Mr. and Mrs. Jason were engaged in their usual evening debate. Said he, for a clincher: "Well, there's no use arguing with a woman of a jackass." "I wish I had known that at first and saved my breath," returned she promptly.

Wife: "Why, what's the matter, dear?" Husband, angrily: "Matter enough. I've just broken the last collar button I've got." Wife, soothingly: "Oh, well, John, I wouldn't make such a fuss; it was only a bone one." Husband: "Yah."

"So the belle of the choir has married the tenor." "Yes." "I thought she favored the bass!" "Yes, but she got some high-flown notions into her head, and threw over the bass for the tenor." "For what reason?" "Because the tenor was more high-toned."

An eminent English surgeon says that "a kiss on the lips ought to be felt for at least 20 minutes afterward, and that kissing produces a sensation which the system requires to keep it in a healthy state." Bless his old heart! There is a man who thoroughly understands a good thing.

Visitor: "How are the young couple coming on?" Mother-in-law: "Splendidly. Just think of it! My son-in-law has got a position in a dynamite factory with a salary of $75 a week, and if he gets blown up my daughter Laura gets $5,000 damages. Can you imagine anything nicer?"

An ingenious alarm. First miner: "Hallo! What's Mike got that candle stuck in his ear for?" Second miner: "Oh, that's an alarm-candle! Mike's got to wake to go on the 4 o'clock shift up in the shaft; candle burns an inch an hour. Mike's made his calculations on it. W'en the candle burns down to his ear, it's 4 o'clock. See?"

John H. Hewitt, of Baltimore, a writer of well-known ballads, lately celebrated his 80th birthday. Mr. Hewitt has composed over 300 songs. When he was 18 years old he wrote "The Minstrel's Return from the War," which was very popular. "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," was another very successful song of his. He is a poet, essayist, lawyer, but he was educated for a soldier.

Clothing-store proprietor, to possible customer, looking at the window: "Coom in, coom in, and I show you dose dings mineself." Possible customer, shyly: "I don't know about going in. I generally deal with houses that have their prices plainly marked." "Dot vos all right, mine friend; but it not do ver vo to mark our prices on dose dings. Our prices is so low dot peoples vould dink dey vos second-hand."

The Recording Secretary of the Missionary Society generally manages to say what he has to say so that his language will not be misconstrued, but when, at a meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, held lately at East Orange, N. J., he said that "thousands of gallons of rum go into Africa for every missionary who is sent there," one of the sisters of that society whispered to another: "Rather a large allowance of liquor for those missionaries."

James G. Blaine, Jr., is learning locomotive engineering on the express which flies from Bangor to Bar Harbor. When seen on a recent trip he wore a coarse suit of blue drilling, consisting of a jumper and overalls, such as are commonly worn by locomotive firemen, and his clothes were covered with oil and dirt. His usually delicate complexion was no longer to be seen, and his face was covered with a coating of coal dust and perspiration. His hands were also begrimed and badly blistered from shoveling coal on the fires. He says he likes a fireman's work first rate.

Recent Book Issues.

"Helene," by the famous French author, Emile Zola, is just published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., this city. Price twenty-five cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The August *St. Nicholas* is brimful of pen and pencil attractions. It opens with one of Mary Hallock Foote's inimitable drawings. Dr. Jastrow has an interesting article concerning the late Laura Bridgman, with portrait. Joaquin Miller tells a novel story of Western life, excellently illustrated; "Midsummer Pirates," is an entertaining story by Richard H. Davis, and there are several other complete stories, all finely illustrated. Dr. Charles S. Robinson offers to mathematicians some curious speculations as to the present value of "An Egyptian Girl's Gold Necklace," if its value is regarded as having increased at compound interest for over 3000 years. There are also poems and jingles, and an abundance of pictures.

In the August number of *The Cosmopolitan* a paper that will attract attention throughout the country is from the pen of Cardinal Gibbons, giving his views on the Labor question. A portrait of the Cardinal accompanies the article. W. Blackburn Harte describes "Social Life in Ottawa" in a finely illustrated paper. Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., recently appointed Minister to Sweden, narrates, with illustrations, "A Trip to Dalecarlia." The present "In the Field Paper" treats of "French Horses and the Grand Prix," with illustrations. Gail Hamilton concludes her history of "The Murder of Pollip Spencer." Frederick Douglass adds his "Reminiscences" to the "Great Agitation" series. "The Caged Tigers of Santa Rosa" (illustrated) by Richard Wheatley, deals with the Chiricahua Apaches confined in Fort Pickens. Other illustrated papers are "The Children of Arachne" (European Spiders), "The American Sculptor in China," "A Bourgeoise Wedding in South France," "What Shall Children Read?" and the Chinese novel. Edward Everett Hale discusses some "Social Problems," and J. Wells Champney, Elizabeth Bisland and Edward D. Walker write the book reviews. Published at 363 Fifth avenue, New York.

How Glucose is Made.—The process of making glucose will be best understood by following the corn from the time it enters the factory until it runs out at a spigot, a clear odorless liquid.

The shell corn is first soaked for several days in water to soften the hull and prepare it for the cracking process. The softened corn is conveyed by elevators to one of the highest stories of the factory and shoveled into large hoppers, from which it passes into mills that merely crack the grains without reducing them at once to a fine meal.

The cracked grain is then conducted to a large tank filled with rinsing water. The hulls of the corn float at the top of the water, the germs sink to the bottom, and the portions of the grain containing the starch, becoming gradually reduced to flour by friction, are held in solution in the water.

By an ingenious process both the hulls and the germs are removed, and the flour part now held in the solution contains nothing but starch and gluten.

The liquid is then made to flow over a series of tables, representing several acres in area, and the difference in the specific gravity of the two substances causes the gluten and the starch to separate without the use of chemicals. The gluten is of a golden yellow color and the starch snow white.

By the time the gluten has been completely eliminated the starch assumes a plastic form, and is collected from the separating tables by wheelbarrowfuls and taken to a drying-room, where it is prepared as the starch of commerce or is placed in a chemical apparatus to be converted into glucose.

When the Prince of Wales and his wife wish to go to the theatre, notice is given to the manager, who prepares his largest box, or knocks two boxes into one for the royal party, and sets another box for their suite.

If the boxes have already been sold, the persons purchasing are informed that they are wanted for royalty, and are requested to call and get their money back.

Half a dozen programmes are printed on colored satin, a lot of bouquets are purchased for the ladies, and an immense amount of scarlet cloth is used in decorating the house.

The manager receives the party personally. The raising of the curtain is delayed until the royal party is seated and the orchestra plays "God save the Queen."

At intervals during the performance refreshments are sent up to the royal box. All this is at the expense of the management.

"Can you manage a typewriter?" asked one lady of another. "Can I manage a typewriter? I should say so. I made three leave my husband's office within the last two months, and the last is so homely that John is almost afraid of her. The management of a typewriter is an art, but I've got it down fine."

A Sure Cure for Worms, an efficient Tonic besides, may be had in Dr. Jayne's Tonic Vermifuge. It utterly destroys Worms, and acts beneficially in the Dyspepsia and General Debility of either Children or Adults.

FEMALE CRIMINALS.

We look down from the hill side on a tropical valley. The jungle of luxurious vegetation has been "cleared." Where once it cumbered the soil with creeping vines and tangled undergrowth are now fields of sugar cane and maize.

From the river dividing it floats to our ears the "paul paul" of a group of washerwomen beating linen with the flat pieces of wood so strange to foreign eyes, but so familiar to French ones.

The clothes spread to dry on the grass and rocks of the river bank make white spaces against the sun-yellowed foliage of the fields.

In the distant shimmer galvanized roofs of the little town of Bourail—a Sodom set in Eden—for it is the central prison for women convicts in the French penal colony of New Caledonia.

This isolated tropical valley is the home of a community perhaps without a parallel in the world.

It seems to be the very acme of administrative cynicism that into a natural basin, filled with the most exquisite foliage, the richest-colored bloom, bathed from year's end to year's end in mellow sunlight, should be poured the very dregs of Paris.

The valley of Bourail is the most fertile in the Island. The settlement it holds may be described as a "village community" whose social bond is fellowship in crime.

Among the washerwomen at the river and the needlewomen in the penitentiary are rogues and vagabonds by the score.

Mademoiselle "number seventy-five" has a record of treble infanticide against her, whilst Madame "ninety-three," who sings so gaily to the accompaniment of "paul paul" poisoned her hapless husband, besides committing other diabolical crimes.

The valley is dotted here and there with huts, surrounded by more or less cultivated land, the staple products being beans, haricots, maize and potatoes.

The principal building in the town is the Convent. Here the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny carried on their work of "regeneration."

We shall suppose that a convict vessel with a cargo of women—most of them from Paris—has reached Noumea. The quay will be crowded with officials, soldiers, storekeepers, planters and ticket-of-leave men anxious to see the new arrivals.

They come off from the vessel in boats, are marshalled in line, and set out for the prison of Montravel, their resting place for the night.

On the following day they are shipped for the valley by a Government steamer. In olden days they had to march along the road.

As they passed through the little towns the inhabitants would all turn out—some to pity, some to jeer.

The younger women toiling through the dust and blazing sun fainted; some lay down and refused to rise; soon obstinately—perhaps gladly died. Now the system is less cruel, and most of the prisoners survive to enter on the living death of Bourail.

As they march from the sandy coast to the valley they are met by the "sisters." "Sisters," like other folks are "various." Some have been hardened very hard by the life of the prison. You can mark it in the cold, set features, the harsh voice, the imperious manner.

Now and then, however, sweeter-tempered, younger, more sympathetic sisters find their way—like doves who have lost themselves in the night—into this valley of shame.

A convict of wide experience, who knows the gamut of city vice from the top most to the lowest note, whose little affair of knife or poison has detached her from her friends, may perhaps feel some strange, unwonted sensation when the soft hand of the young pale sister with the pitying face clings to her. It may be, but it is improbable.

In march the curious procession to the white house with many barred windows. If mere will renegate them they have it, for every morning they are led to the chapel.

If water will wash them pure they have it, for some go to the river every day. And it is when going to mass or the river that the ticket-of-leave man who wants a wife—perhaps he has come overland from the north many miles, leading a spare horse on which to bear the bride home with him—will make his selection.

See him, a rough-clad fellow without coat or waistcoat; a course woollen shirt about him, and a soft felt hat covering his uncombed hair. He hides his time, hidden behind a clump of bananas, near the pathway to the river.

Hark! the girls are coming. They are singing some simple, plaintive air, selected, of course, by the sisters. There are some of their number with sweet voices, and good words flow glibly from lips more used to oaths.

They pass, but not unobservantly; one girl with dark hair, and darker eyes quick to see the half-concealed man, gives a significant nod in his direction, and points with her finger to her breast.

Let us follow the fortunes of this would-be lover and husband. He has come, seen, and, he believes, conquered. Now to face the sisters.

He makes a few changes in his toilette, in the direction, generally, of approximate cleanliness, and presents himself at the convent.

The "mother superior" or her deputy receives him, and to her he tells the object of his visit.

The whole affair is managed on strictly business-like principles. A bell is rung; the "available females" in the establishment are summoned, marshalled in line, and the ardent lover-to-be is conducted solemnly down their ranks.

If he is a troublesome customer and hard to please, the "mother superior" may enlarge upon the merits of one or two elderly dames who have been under her supervision for years.

But it is not merit or virtue the ticket-of-leave man wants; youth and good looks counterbalance all moral defects, to his thinking.

When the girls from the river return they are also inspected, and finally the lover points to the convict who signalled him that morning on the way through the plantations.

Then follows the wooing. It is conducted on an arbitrary and systematic plan, no allowance being made for diffidence or fluency on the part of the lovers.

The girl and man are taken to the summer house in the convent garden, and there, under the watchful eye of a sister standing a little distance away, a certain number of minutes are given to "pop the question."

The transaction—for such is its nature—is conducted somewhat after this fashion. The girl, who generally has more presence of mind than the male seeker after matrimony, will ask—

"Got a house?"

"Yes."

"Mosquito curtain?"

"Yes."

"Wine and tobacco?"

"Yes."

"Then come along."

If he "come along" the fact of the plighting of troth will be made known by the sister in charge. Then the wedding. The pair have to wait for their papers of authorization from France. In about four months' time they arrive; or it may be six or eight months, as the marriages usually take place in a batch, so that the first lover of a new batch has frequently his devotion and patience well tested.

The sisters in the meantime make such costume as they can for the brides. Then, dressed in their finery and resplendent with flowers, the brides, headed by a fiddler or an artist on the concertina, set out for the official residence of the mayor.

After the civil marriage, they proceed to church, where the priest unites, lectures, and blesses them. Next to the cabaret, the wine shop, to hold the marriage feast, and expend the 150 francs of dowry which a paternal Government bestows with the hand of each of its daughters of the prison.

And after! Some of the marriages, a few only, lead to a sort of reformation, a reduction of vices, rather than an addition of virtue, but the rest go on the beaten track of crime.

It is vice in double instead of single harness.

Women condemned to imprisonment for life are not epicurean in their marital tastes. They take the first husband who offers.

A young Parisienne, for instance, will perhaps mate with a decrepit, foul old Arab.

What would you do! It is liberty. As to monsieur the husband, let him look to himself.

VEGETABLE BUTTER.

Butter is the name given, in a chemical sense, to all oleaginous substances which remain solid at a temperature of seventy-one to eighty-six degrees Fahrenheit.

For popular purposes it is a misnomer, as all the fatty matters included in the term could hardly be used by modern house-wives even for culinary purposes.

The plants yielding the butter, although not confined to one country, nor even to one natural order, are nevertheless more abundant in West Africa and India than in any other part of the world, and are mostly members of the order Sapotaceæ.

The Bassia Parkii, a plant indigenous to West Africa, which derives its specific name from the renowned African traveler, Mungo Park, is particularly rich in the product, and is a source of great utility and profit to the natives.

The fruit itself when ripe is eaten by them, and is said by travelers who have tasted it to be not unpleasant.

It is about the size of a large prune, rather sour, but otherwise of an excellent flavor.

The butter is obtained from the seeds. The following is the manner in which the fruit is collected and treated.

The crop commences at the end of May and finishes during the last days of September. The women and children go each day into the forests, especially after storms and tornadoes, and fetch large baskets or calabashes to the village filled with fruit which the wind has brought down.

They throw them into cylindrical holes, that are found here and there in the Sambarra villages even in the middle of the roads.

Whilst in these holes the fruit lose their flesh, which rot off; they are left there during several months, sometimes for the whole of the winter.

The nuts are then placed in a kind of vertical oven; a fire is kept up under them, and this causes them to lose their moisture.

As soon as they are dried, the shells are broken, and the white kernel is peeled, and then ground and made into a homogeneous mass.

This is then placed in water which is kept boiling. The fatty matter floats to the top, and the dirt goes to the bottom.

The butter is then put in a jar filled with cold water and beaten clear.

Whilst in this jar it absorbs a certain amount of water, and to get rid of this it is taken out and beaten again.

By this primitive process only about ten to twelve per cent. of the butter can be saved.

What the natives would do without it it is hard to conceive.

It practically serves them with food, medicine, and raiment (in the sense that they oil their skins with it).

They eat it in the same way as we do ordinary butter, and mixed with an animal fat, it is considered a panacea against all evils and diseases.

It is also employed for lighting purposes, and the smoke which is produced by its combustion is said to be very efficacious in the cure of snake-bites.

It is also largely used for soap-making; for this latter purpose it has more than once been introduced to manufacturers, but up to the present has never been utilised on an extensive scale.

No doubt, as the resources of the country are further developed, and inter-communication between the inland and the coast become more facilitated, we shall find this as well as other products equally valuable make their way to the market.

The Indian representative of the family, is very abundant in all parts of India, and the butter expressed from the seed is used in much the same way by the native Indians as that of the Bassia Parkii is by the West Africans, whilst the fruit in many parts form a staple article of food.

Every part of the tree, in fact, is of use; the timber being hard and strong, close and even grained, is used for the wheels of carriages, railway sleepers, &c.

The flowers when dried have somewhat the odor and appearance of sultana raisins.

They are produced in enormous quantities in March and April, after the old leaves have fallen; and before the new leaves have appeared, the crop rarely fails.

The fleshy flowers fall off and cover the ground beneath the trees, and are gathered eagerly by the natives every morning during the flowering season. A single tree yields from two to three hundred pounds-weight of flowers.

They are very rich in sugar, and yield when fermented a large quantity of spirit, as much as 6 16 gallons of proof spirit per hundredweight having been obtained from them.

The spirit is manufactured to a great extent in India, and it is said that the government receives quite a large amount for duty on the spirits distilled.

The flowers have from time to time been placed before important distillers; but owing to a peculiar flavor being developed—caused, it is thought, by the persistent stamens, which it is difficult to remove from the flowers—the spirit distilled has never been brought into consumption in the market.

Smart, but Not Smart Enough.—The following story comes from Georgia:

A young man living in one of the dry counties killed a large rattlesnake, and just as he did so the Savannah, Americus and Montgomery train rolled into the station.

He noticed that his father who was a passenger, had a bottle of brandy, and he wanted some of it. So he got the rattler, took his pocketknife, cut a gash on his hand, and ran to the father, exclaiming:

"See here, I killed him! But he bit me, and I'll die!"

The fond parent saw the blood dripping from the boy's hand, and, without looking at the wound, forced the bottle into the son's mouth, poured all the brandy down his throat and then sent for a doctor.

The boy was soon stupidly drunk, and when the doctor arrived he looked at the wounded hand, then at the dead snake, and quietly said:

"No snake ever bit that hand. Why, it's a deep gash, and cut with a knife, too. He is not poisoned from snake bite, but he is dead drunk," and forcing a strong emetic down him, the wise old doctor left.

Arranging the Ceremony.—Young Smith (who has mustered courage at last and called determined to ascertain his fate): "And you will be my bride, dear, dear Miss Nellie?"

Nellie: "I will answer you, Mr. Smith, when we are alone."

Young Smith: "When we are alone?"

Nellie: "Yes. Eject my young brother. He is under the sofa. (The young brother is ejected.) Now, open that cupboard and tell my sister, who is listening, politely but firmly, to depart."

(The sister departs.)

Young Smith (wiping his brow): "Now, darling, the coast is clear. Will you be mine?"

"Nellie. "No!"

An Ohio man who died a day or two ago, requested in his will that his body be taken to the graveyard in a spring wagon, and that after the funeral all who attended it return to his home and partake of a good dinner which his heirs must provide.

They most assume who know the least.

Humorous.

TIT FOR TAT.

He timidly climbed up the white stone steps;
He timidly rang the bell;
He felt that this visit might be his last,
Though the reason he couldn't tell.

As he stood at the door the winter wind
Whirled in the streets about,
But above its roaring he heard her say,
"John, tell him that I am out."

Then timid no more, with stately mien,
He said to the flunky tall,
"Pray go to Miss Jones with my compliments,
And tell her I didn't call."

—U. N. None.

Little things that tell—Small brothers.

The flannel shirt is of a shrinking disposition.

Men who invariably live on tick—Watchmakers.

Berry pickers get what they can and can what they get.

Very few persons can hold their own on their first sea voyage.

The good die young. This is particularly true of the chickens.

Employer, to clerk: "Don't know the man's address? Well, write to him and find out."

What proverb best pleases a hatter?—Two heads are better than one.

Men of letters who are always earning their living with their feet—Postmen.

What is that which you cannot see although it is always before you?—Your future.

The grave-digger is always finding himself in a hole in the pursuit of his occupation.

Yes, Julius, the health lift is a good thing, but don't look for it in the vicinity of a mule's heels.

One of the most dangerous and demoralizing of all drinks is the beverage that is known as "Same."

It is better to lock the stable door after the horse is stolen than not to lock it at all. It may save the cow.

It is a little singular, to say the least, that after a man has been painting the town red he usually feels blue.

Mrs. Jones: "Don't trouble to see me to the door, Mrs. Smith." "No trouble—quite a pleasure, I assure you!"

"But, old fellow, how can you smoke such a wretched cigar? You can't get any pleasure out of it." "Yes, I can, too—when I stop!"

"I heard you were fishing yesterday," said one traveling man to another. "Yes." "Have any luck?" "Yes, some; I didn't get drowned."

Papa that is to be: "What are your prospects, Mr. de Brazen?" De Brazen: "Merely that of being your son-in-law, sir. I don't want anything better."

Bobby: "I know sumpin'." Eddie: "So do I." Bobby: "Whatcher know?" Eddie, "I knows you just got a lickin'." Bobby: "Well, I knowed it 'fore you did."

Client, to lawyer's clerk: "Is the guv'nor in?" Clerk: "Well, sir, I was out when he went out, and I wasn't here when he came back, so I can't say whether he is in or not."

Seedy looking individual, approaching busy merchant: "Will you be kind enough, sir, to give a poor fellow a lift?" Merchant: "Certainly! James, show the gentleman to the elevator."

Mr. Winks, looking over the paper: "Cheap Drug & Co., are selling all sorts of patent medicines at half price." Mrs. Winks: "Just our luck! There isn't anything the matter with any of us!"

"A good memory is a blessing," says a writer. And it may be remarked that it is one that wealth cannot buy. Just look at the man who becomes suddenly rich. He cannot even remember the faces of his old friends.

A letter and its answer. "Dear Mr. Editor—Please read the enclosed poem carefully and return to me with your candid criticism as soon as possible, as I have other irons in the fire." "Dear M. Smith—Remove the irons and insert the poem."

A few days ago little Tom was shown a dead snake that some one had thrown into the street, and when he reached home his mother told his father of it, but Tommie said: "No, papa, I didn't see the snake; I saw his head on the end of his tail."

Guest, to restaurant table girl: "What have you got for dinner?" Table girl: "RoastbeeffricasseedchicksnstewedlambhashbakedandfriedpotatoesIndianpuddingmilkandcoffee." Guest: "I'll take the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, eighteenth and nineteenth syllables."

"Johnny," said his mother, "I don't want you to play with that little Brownlocks boy any longer—do you hear?" "Yes'm," said Johnny. "Now don't let me hear of your disobeying me!" "No'm," said Johnny dutifully; "but I may fight him, mayn't I, if I want to?"

Spectator, to defendant: "I guess the jury will find for you. The judge's charge was certainly in your favor. Don't you think so?" Defendant, moodily: "Oh, I know all along that the judge's charge would be all right. It's the lawyer's charge that's worrying me."

THE man or woman who is profitably employed is generally happy. If you are not happy it may be because you have not found your proper work. We earnestly urge all such persons to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., 1009 Main St., Richmond, Va., and they can show you a work in which you can be happily and profitably employed.

PAPER PENCILS.—One of the difficulties which have stood in the way of the substitution of paper pulp for wood in the manufacture of pencils has been the toughness of the paper covering and its consequent resistance to the action of a knife.

By a new process, which has recently been patented, the molecular cohesion of the paper is modified in such a manner that it can be cut as easily as cedar wood. The paper is first of all made into tubes, and a quantity of them were placed in a frame at the lower end of the cylinder.

The substance which is to be used as a marking material is placed in the cylinder while in a plastic condition, and sufficient pressure is then applied to force it into the hollow centers of the paper tubes.

After the completion of the process the pencils are gradually dried at increasing temperatures during a period of six days, they are then plunged into a vessel of molten paraffin wax, which has the effect of modifying the texture of paper pulp as described.

THE KING AND HIS COOKS.—Frederick the Great was very fastidious about his meals, and his table was always regulated by himself. Dinner usually consisted of some dozen dishes, which were brought in one at a time.

The king carved each dish and helped the company. Every dish was prepared by a different cook, and each cook had a kitchen to himself. There was lavish cost, but little magnificence.

Every night before retiring to rest, the king received from the chief cook the menu for next day, the cost of each item being set forth in the margin.

The monarch criticised the proposed dishes, and then, with a loud anathema against cooks in general and his own in particular, he flung down the money for the next day's feasting.

STOKE FEELINGLY.—Mrs. de Temper (looking up from the paper): "Well, I declare! Another woman, single handed, has captured a burglar. I should think she would have been killed by the brute; but the paper says the moment she grabbed a poker and made a dash for him, his knees trembled and his teeth shook, and he sank to the floor in affright."

"Mr. de Temper: "He is probably a married man!"

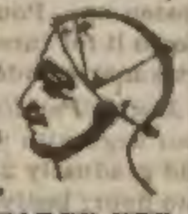
TESTING A THEORY.—"Dear Father: I am well, and am studying hard. We have just reached 'Demand' in Political Economy. 'The supply is always equal to the demand,' it says. Please send me five dollars.—Your affectionate son.

"J. LOAFER."

Do not allow idleness to deceive you; for while you give him to-day, he steals to-morrow from you.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. Over the crown of the head.

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also Dollard's Regenerative Cream, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe.
Nov. 22, '58. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

TO MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which combines as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

JAMES B. CHANDLER,
No. 228 Chestnut Street.

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GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

HE—"And you are sure that I am the first and only man who ever kissed you?" She—"Of course I am sure. You do not doubt my word, do you?" He—"Of course I do not doubt you, my darling, I love you too madly, too devoutly for that. But why, oh, why, did you reach for the reins the very instant I ventured to put one arm around you if you had never been there before?"

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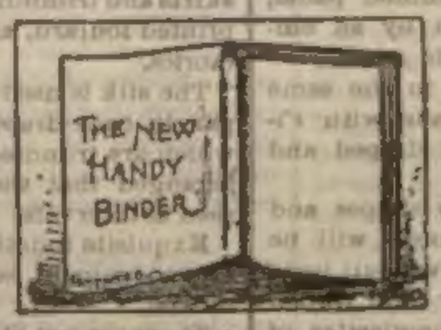
CARPETINGS.
939 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA, second door below Tenth, north side.

"The Handy Binder."



Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding, so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS," now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

THE BINDER is made specially for THE POST, contains one copy of the series of a year with equal security, thus preserving the paper thoroughly from loss, soiling or injury. THE BINDER works so simply that it is the task of only a minute to insert the paper, when by cutting the edges it has all the comfort and convenience of reading and handling possessed by the best bound book. THE BINDER, apart from its usefulness in this respect, is also a handsome piece of furniture. It is made of embossed imitation leather, neatly and tastefully ornamented in gilt with the title "SATURDAY EVENING POST" in bright gold lettering across the centre of outside page. It makes an article of beauty in itself, and of value as a handy receptacle for THE POST, that only needs to be seen by our subscribers to be fully appreciated.

THE HANDY BINDER will be sent, all postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents, or free as a premium to any of our present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber and $2.50.

Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
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TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENT. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5s, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 50 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

For many years past there has not been so large a choice of new materials as that prepared for this season; novelties in silken, woollen and lace fabrics, exquisite embroideries and colors of the most fascinating description abound this year.

Some new shades that are fast becoming favorites are Indian blue and Indian yellow, palm-leaf green, swallow color and ashen gray.

These are now seen side by side with celadon green and rose, and are introduced in many of the new pekin silks and other striped fabrics.

Pekins are chiefly reserved for the skirts of costumes, under a polonaise or redingote of plain material matching the ground color of the pekin, trimmed with silk revers and a sash corresponding with the brighter color.

A good example in a different style is a costume with a skirt of brown and ripe corn-colored pekin, and a redingote of bright, pale beige-colored cashmere, semi-fitting, lined with brown satin and trimmed with galon embroidered in gold and colors.

Redingotes and polonaises are made with plain or pleated fronts, but in nearly all cases they open in front over a similar or different fabric, according to taste; the tablier thus disclosed is enriched with embroidery or gracefully draped.

In other models the skirt opens on one side over a handsomely trimmed panel, while the other side is draped by an embroidered tab or passementerie motif.

The bodices vary in style in the same way, but a great many are made with Figaro jackets over a pleated or draped and crossed plastron.

Little open jackets, of many shapes and called by many different names, will be very much worn, especially over full bodices of Greek net drawn in by satin ribbon run through casings, over chemisettes of crepe de Chine, and also over plain waistcoats fastened with tiny enamelled buttons in Pompadour style. These buttons are in great vogue and are exceedingly pretty and artistic.

A lovely toilette for afternoon receptions made in this way is of plain armure in a pretty periwinkle shade of mauve.

The skirt is plain in front but full and trained at the back, where it is cut with the corsage in Princesse shape. The front of the bodice is a short open jacket showing a full under-bodice of embroidered net. A sash of violet velvet crosses the front of the waist and is tied with long ends on the left side, and a second band crosses the figure a little higher up.

The elbow sleeves, puffed at the shoulder, are finished off with bands of the dark velvet, but full sleeves of net start from under the velvet and are continued nearly to the wrist.

The under-bodice is rather low, and a deep lace collarette falls round the front of the neck and ends under the jacket fronts.

Charming toilettes for young ladies are made of the finest and softest woollens, which to a large extent are taking the place of lace.

The skirt is generally in accordion pleats, but the front part is covered by a long gracefully-draped tunic or tablier caught up on one side by bows and ends of ribbon.

The full bodice is gauged at the neck in the form of a rounded yoke, and again at the waist, to resemble a corselet bodice.

Bands of ribbon surround the figure above and below this gauged corselet, and are tied in bows on one side, and the elbow sleeves are gauged and trimmed with ribbon at the elbow, and finished off with little shoulder-knots of ribbon.

Another pretty style for young ladies' dresses and one frequently adopted for pongee silk, begins in the same way with an accordion-pleated skirt; but over this is a tunic or skirt pleated at intervals in four-fold box-pleats, and then cut at the edge in deep scallops trimmed with lace.

Each set of pleats forms a scallop, the top of the pleat being the shortest part, the space between the long point of the scallop, one of which is arranged to fall in front.

The effect of the lace falling in soft fleecy coquilles all round the skirt is wonderfully pretty.

The full bodice is cut in the moderately low square form that is so pretty on youthful figures, and has a flounce of lace falling round the opening.

The sleeves are puffed and trimmed with lace, and a sash of soft silk or of velvet is folded round the waist and falls in long ends on one side.

Ladies who have lace flounces use these on a silk or other foundation; when there are two of these flounces the upper one is straight, but the lower one is draped on one side.

Embroidered tabliers are much used, but perhaps the handsomest—more particularly in black toilettes, are those that are covered with row upon row of fringe made of small beads. These fringes are from four to ten inches in width, and have a most brilliant effect.

Most charming fashions are likely to prevail all through the season; the dresses in course of preparation for really hot days are especially lovely and the colors, materials and styles have little to be desired.

To start with, the new tennis flannels are in most delicate tints, and are adorned along one selvedge with a broad border of silk stripes in bright but softly contrasting shades.

These borders at once raise the tennis dress above its usually rather commonplace aspect, due to the extreme simplicity of make required by the exigencies of the game.

Zephyrs and prints are glorified in the same and other ways; these materials are, in fact, so dainty and dressy looking that they will be worn on many other occasions than those to which such fabrics are usually considered appropriate.

A great deal of embroidery, more or less in the nature of guipure, will be used for skirts and trimmings, combined with faille, printed foulard, armure and other silken fabrics.

The silk is used for the tunic or draped panels, back drapery and corsage, all of which are trimmed with guipure, and so arranged that the embroidered skirt is seen at intervals.

Exquisite toilettes are made of printed organdi muslin, with lace let in as an insertion.

These are not always in light colors, in fact a black pattern on a colored ground, such as old-rose, with black lace insertion, is one of the most stylish combinations of color.

The skirt is mounted in accordion pleats, and the full corsage is trimmed with lace and finished off with a sash of black moire ribbon.

Similar effects are produced in white materials by letting in bands of colored fabric and then pleating the whole skirt in accordion pleats.

Most of the new foulards have patterns of large but very light branching sprays in white on a colored ground; but black on color, light green on dark green, light blue on dark blue, etc., are all fashionable.

As a summer fabric nothing is more satisfactory than the uncrushable, unspoilable foulard, which is equally well suited for morning or afternoon wear.

White blouse bodices will again be fashionable; the prettiest are mounted on yokes of embroidery, with folded draperies following the line of the yoke if pointed, or else the full fronts are crossed below a pointed plastron of embroidery, the right side crossing over the left, or vice versa.

The brocades used this season for court trains are so magnificent in texture and pattern that in many instances trimmings are almost entirely omitted; when they are used, flowers in bunches on one side of the train, or in a fringe all round the edge, are the favorite ornament.

White, gold color and pale green have been very fashionable colors, and the Empire style is still adhered to in many cases.

Odds and Ends.

OF PUDDINGS, SAUCES, ETC.

Croute au Pot.—Cut off the bottom crust of a quartern loaf, leaving the same thickness of crumb as there is crust. Cut it out in rounds the size of a quarter. Soak these rounds in some good clear stock, lay them in a well-buttered tin and put it into the oven to remain till they are quite dried up. Then lay them in a soup tureen with pieces of carrot, turnips and leeks that have been used to make the stock, cut out into rounds; pour some clear stock boiling hot over, and in a few minutes serve.

Common Stock.—Take all the bones of joints, &c., that are available, carcasses and bones of poultry (not high), chop them all into convenient pieces, and put them into a saucepan together with any scraps of meat, cooked or uncooked, resulting from remnants, the trimmings of entrées, &c. Add a couple of carrots, one onion, a bunch of parsley, one bay leaf, a small sprig of thyme and one of marjoram; salt to taste, a small quantity of white pepper and allspice mixed and two or three cloves. Fill up the saucepan with cold water until it covers the contents by one inch and set it on the fire to boil slowly for about four hours. Strain the liquor through a cloth into a basin, and when cold, the cake of fat on the top being removed, the stock will be fit to use.

Fillets of Soles a l'Italienne.—Lay the fillets in a tin, with plenty of butter, and salt to taste; place a sheet of oiled paper over them and put them in the oven just five or ten minutes before they are wanted, or they may be laid in a deep plate in the same manner, an inverted plate being put over them. Then dish neatly and pour the following sauce over them: Mince a couple of shallots quite fine and fry them in a little salad oil; when they are a pale straw color, add two or three mushrooms and a little parsley minced in the same manner; then moisten with enough stock and white wine, in equal parts, to make the sauce; put in, tied up in a small bunch, a clove of garlic, some sweet herbs and a bay leaf; add pepper and salt to taste, and let the sauce boil for half an hour. Remove the bunch, melt a piece of butter, add a very little flour to it, then the sauce; stir it well, and make it hot.

Chicken a la Marengo.—Cut up an uncooked fowl as for a fricassee, and fry the pieces in olive oil, with a bruised clove of garlic, pepper, salt and a bundle of sweet herbs. Take three tablespoonfuls of the oil used in frying the fowl, add some minced mushrooms, a little shallot and parsley, also finely minced; a glass of white wine, as much stock free from fat as you want sauce, pepper and salt to taste. Let the sauce boil a few minutes; dish up the pieces of fowl, pour the sauce over and serve.

Tartare Sauce.—Put the yolks of four eggs into a basin, with salt and mustard to taste, and stir olive oil into them one tablespoonful at a time; after each tablespoonful of oil put in one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar. Keep on doing this until the sauce is of the desired consistency, then add pepper, the least bit of cayenne, and a couple of shallots or a few pickled gherkins or capers chopped very finely, together with some tarragon and parsley also minced finely.

Marmalade Pudding.—Take ½lb. of breadcrumbs, 6oz. of very finely chopped beef suet, and mix the two together with three tablespoonfuls of marmalade, three tablespoonfuls of loaf sugar, the grated rind and strained juice of one lemon and a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; then gradually stir into the mixture three eggs beaten up. Pour into a plain mould and steam it for three and a half hours. Serve with marmalade sauce.

Moche Pudding.—Beat up the yolks of four eggs with ½lb. of powdered loaf sugar, add gradually 2oz. of flour and 2oz. of potato flour; lastly, the whites of four eggs whipped to a stiff froth. When the whole is well mixed, put it into a buttered plain mould and bake. Turn out the cake when done and when it is quite cold cover it evenly all over with the following icing, ornamenting it with pipings of the icing pushed through a paper cone. This last operation must be done with care, lest the heat of the hand warm the icing. When the cake is finished it should be put in a cold place, or on ice, till the time of serving.

The Icing.—Take ½lb. of fresh butter and a ½lb. of powdered loaf sugar, and beat them to a cream in a bowl, adding drop by drop, during the process, half a teacupful of the strongest coffee that can be made.

Orange Pudding.—Pare and cut in pieces a half dozen Florida oranges, arrange in a deep dish and sprinkle with sugar; make a custard of a pint of milk and half a cup of sugar, yolks of two eggs and a tablespoonful of corn starch, pour over the orange and cover with a meringue of the whites beaten stiff and slightly sweetened; best cold.

Ragout of Vegetables.—Parboil one turnip, one carrot, two potatoes, one cup of lima beans and one onion with a small piece of salt pork. Slice the vegetables and put into a saucepan with a pint of soup stock or broth from beef or other fresh meat; add a cupful of canned corn and the parboiled beans and season well and cook three-quarters of an hour.

Liver Hash.—Boil beef or calf's liver until tender, mince fine, melt a little butter in a stewpan, add a little browned flour and put in the minced liver, salt, pepper and a little lemon juice or catsup. Serve hot.

Drop Cake.—One cup sour cream, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful soda, one and one-half cups of flour, one-half cup of currants; flavor with cinnamon and nutmeg, and drop from spoon into a buttered pan; bake in a quick oven.

Confidential Correspondents.

GAS.—Water yields steam in larger volume than any other liquid.

STAPLETON.—Such inscriptions are best as simple in character as possible. "To our father and mother on their silver wedding, from their children," The initials may be added below if liked.

COLONIAL.—The colonial currency of Pennsylvania, like that of the other colonies, was the English currency of that period, and its denominations were pounds, shillings, pence and farthings.

READER.—Conemaugh lake was about three miles in length and from half a mile to one mile in width. It was about ninety feet in depth at the dam, and the average depth about forty-five feet.

QUESTION.—The leading trunk lines of railway in this country are the Baltimore and Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, Lake Erie and Western and New York Central with their Western connections.

TROUBLED.—The one who is in fault should always apologize. To use an old adage, "Never cut of your nose to spite your face." Deep wounds leave a scar, and it will take time to enable him to forget.

E. L.—The Great Eastern was propelled by both side wheels and screws, having four side wheel and four screw engines. It was the largest steamer yet built, being 680 feet long, and its carrying capacity 24,000 tons.

SHAMOKIN.—The Fenian Brotherhood did not require its members to be Catholics, as the organization was a political and not a religious one. Protestants and Catholics both joined it. The Fenians and the Molly Maguires were not one and the same organization.

ERNEST.—"Maudlin" is the corrupt appellation of "Magdalen," who is represented by painters with swollen eyes and disordered hair. Magdalen College at Oxford is usually termed "Maudlin," which is considered to make this etymology the more probable.

AT SEA.—The thorax is that portion of the trunk between the neck and abdomen. The thoracic cavity is enclosed by the ribs and spinal column. Its main office is to contain the chief organs of circulation and respiration, the heart, large blood-vessels and lungs, and to protect them.

JENKINS.—If you will take our advice you will draw up no law papers for yourself, nor for anyone else. Experience shows us that some of our first lawyers have failed in being lawyers to themselves; and you would find the same thing in your own case, and perhaps do the opposite of what you had intended.

BESSIE.—You must be guided by your parents and guardians on all such subjects as these, until of an age to think and act for yourself. Obedience is put before us as a first duty, we must remember, and the plea of conscience is often used as a plea for independence, and the shaking off of parental authority and guidance.

R. S. T.—We have no doubt that "the flower of the field" mentioned in the Bible refers to any flower. The corn-cockle, the lily, the poppy, and the grass are more frequently named than any other flowers in Scripture; but we do not think that the phrase which you mention has reference to any one of those plants in particular.

F. N.—Without professing a certain knowledge of your condition, it seems to be one of what is called nervous debility. You must try to control the sensations you mention, which are mainly of nervous origin. Take as much exercise as you can. Avoid late hours and all forms of excitement, even such as may be derived from literature.

PEZZO.—While the ancient Jews devoted considerable attention to the study of geography, history, mathematics and astronomy, yet theocracy controlled both the theory and practice of education. The end of education among the Jews was to make faithful and obedient servants of the living God. The name given to this system is theocratic education.

T. E. D.—Your hammock may be made water-proof by immersing it in boiling linseed oil and leaving it in the liquid for a day or two. Then with a cloth rub off all the oil possible, and when the netting is dry it will last much longer than it otherwise would. We should advise everybody who uses a garden hammock to subject it to this process, as when it is allowed to hang out most of the time it will soon rot owing to the action of the weather.

JANEY.—The specimens of ferns and grasses which you have collected for decorating a screen should be carefully spread out and pressed between sheets of blotting paper, under a weight. Then cut a little strap, by means of two delicate incisions in the cardboard, on which the specimens are to be affixed; insert the thick end of the stems if too large for gumming; and employ a cement for the rest of gum tragacanth. To prepare this for use put a small piece into a wide-necked bottle filled with cold water, and it will swell very considerably, and absorb the water in a few hours. Then place the bottle in boiling water, and when it liquefies it will be ready for use.

HARVEY.—We think this is the law on the subject: If a man finds goods that have been actually lost and appropriates them with intent to take the entire property of them, really believing when he takes them that the owner cannot be found, it is not theft. But if he takes them with the like intent, though lost, but reasonably believing that the owner can be found, it is larceny. This version of the law of finding applies to parcels, packets, or other chattel property left by oversight or negligence in possession of a stranger. They can be appropriated by the finder or possessor only in the entire absence of any likelihood or natural possibility of the real owner appearing or being found.

BISMARK.—A morganatic marriage does not mean, as some people imagine, that such a wedding is not perfectly valid and binding. It seems to have been an old German custom that the bridegroom's wedding-present was offered to the bride on the day after the wedding; hence it is called morgengabe, or morning gift. When the wife had no fortune, the morgengabe constituted, in fact, her portion; and, by an intelligible though not very delicate allusion to the poverty of the bride, a marriage in which the husband thus supplied his bride's portion was called "morganatic." Properly applied, the word means that the wife is of decidedly inferior caste to the husband, and will not share his rank or the honor due to him.